

PART 508

THE

PRICE 6d

# LEISURE



# HOUR

APRIL, 1894

## Contents

<b>The Toadstone.</b> Chapters I.—III. By the Rev. T. S. MILLINGTON, Author of "No Choice," "By Hook or by Crook," etc. Illustrated by FRANK DADD ...	343
<b>The Wings of Insects.</b> —I. By LEWIS WRIGHT, Author of "Light" etc. Illustrated by Drawings from under the Microscope ...	354
<b>The Laurenziana Library at Florence.</b> By HELEN ZIMMERN. Illustrated from Photographs and Facsimiles ...	357
<b>A Venice of the Far East.</b> By PERCY CROSS STANDING. Illustrated from Photographs ...	364
<b>Our Modern Strongholds.</b> By W. J. GORDON. With Diagram ..	370
<b>Old Maids and Young.</b> Chapters XXIX.—XXXVII. By ELSA D'ESTERRE KEELING, Author of "In Thoughtland and in Dreamland" etc. ...	372
<b>Life's Pilgrimage.</b> By KATHARINE B. S. WILLS ...	383
<b>The Peoples of Europe.</b> GERMANY—IV. ...	384
SHIP-OWNING—THE CONSCRIPTION—DOMESTIC GOVERNMENT—TAXATION—SOCIALISM—WOMAN'S WORK—NATIONAL COSTUMES—DIVERSITIES OF CHARACTER.	
<b>Two Memorable Days in Paternoster Row</b> ...	387
<b>In a Caucasian Tea-House.</b> By MICHAEL A. MORRISON ...	391
<b>Second Thoughts on Books</b> ...	393
MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN—FIANS, FAIRIES, AND PICTS—"KNOW-NOTHING BOOKS"—REALISM IN FICTION—THE SPIRIT OF GREAT NOVELISTS—THOMAS HOOD—SCOTT AS POET.	
<b>Window Decoration.</b> By A. OMAN ...	397
<b>A Night with a Poor Man's Lawyer.</b> By F. M. HOLMES ...	399
<b>Science Notes</b> ...	401
THE PROGRESS OF BOTANY—A GREAT CONSUMMATION—SCHWENDENER'S LICHEN THEORY—RAILWAYS AND ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES, MONS. HEILMANN'S EXPERIMENTAL TRIP.	
<b>Hidden History.</b> SOME NEWLY DISCOVERED LETTERS... ..	404
<b>Varieties</b> —ASTRONOMICAL NOTES FOR APRIL, ETC. ...	405

*Frontispiece*—A GLIMPSE OF RURAL ENGLAND.

**LISTER'S**  
SILKS and VELVETS.

**PRIESTLEY'S**  
DRESS FABRICS.

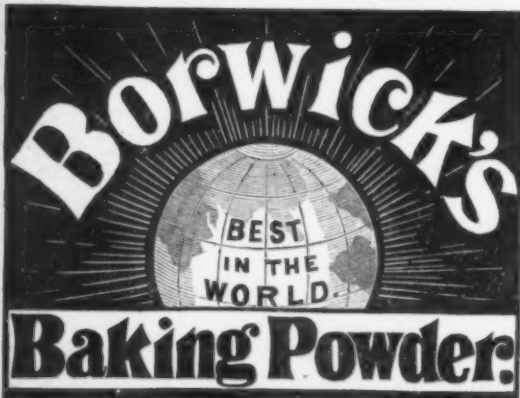
**COURTAULD'S**  
CRAPES.

From the Leading Drapers  
of the World.

# Squire's Chemical FOR DELICATE CHILDREN. Food.

In Bottles, 2s., 3s. 6d., and 6s., at all Chemists and Stores  
AND OF

**SQUIRE & SONS,** Her Majesty's Chemists,  
413, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.



**Borwick's**  
**Baking Powder**

## HINDE'S PATENT HAIR CURLERS

IN 6D. & 1S.  
BOXES. OF ALL  
HAIRDRESSERS  
AND FANCY  
HOUSES IN THE  
THREE  
QUEENDOMS.

USED WITHOUT HEAT.



**HINDE LIMITED,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF BRUSHES AND TOILET ARTICLES,  
BIRMINGHAM & LONDON.

## S. & H. HARRIS'S EBONITE FOR BOOTS AND SHOES. ASK FOR IT. BLACKING

(WATERPROOF).

Does not injure the Leather.  
Requires no Brushing.  
The Best in the Market.



TRADE MARK.

Sold by all Shoemakers, Grocers, &c.

Manufactory: LONDON, E.

ers

TS  
DES.

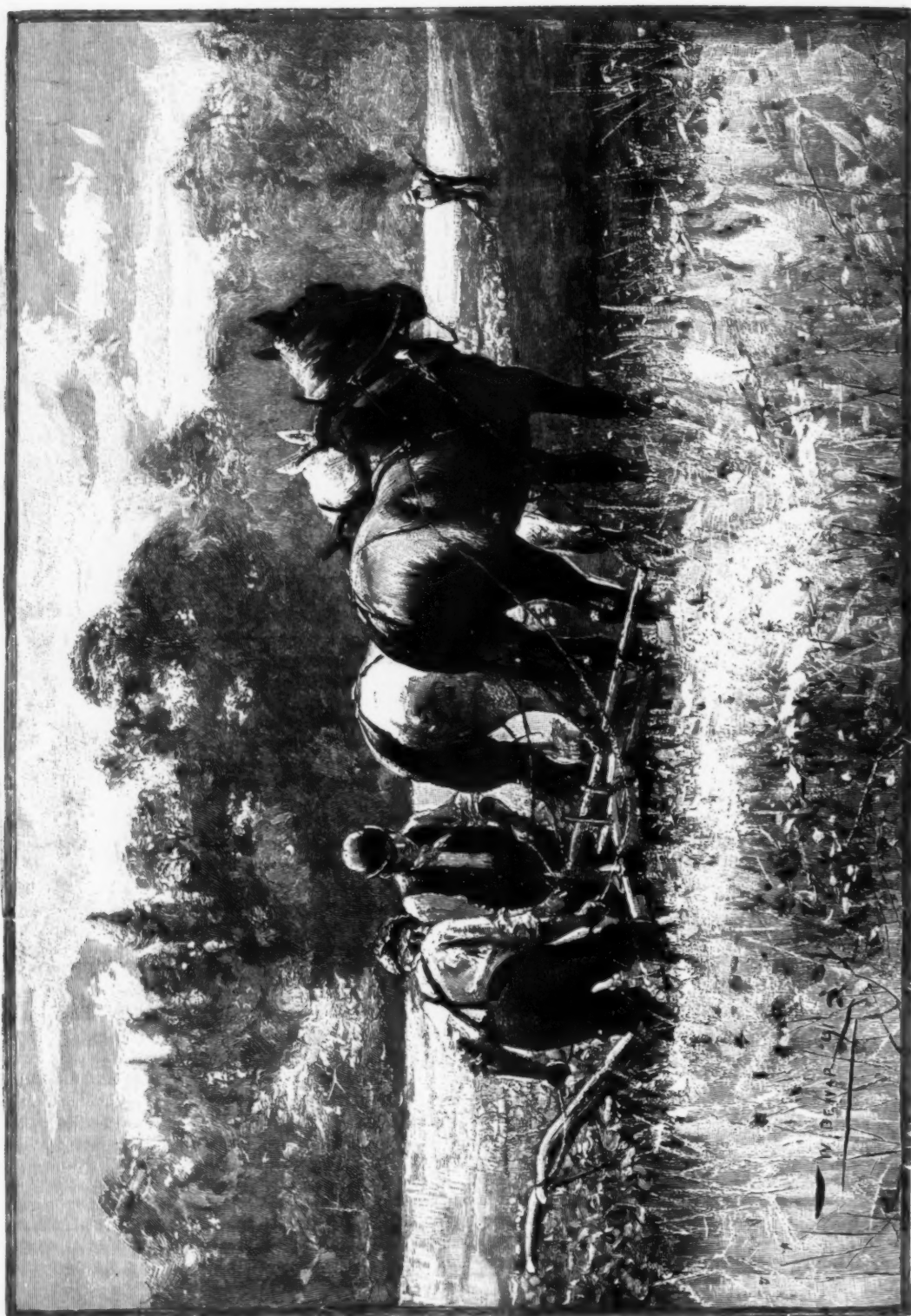
G

ther.

rs, de





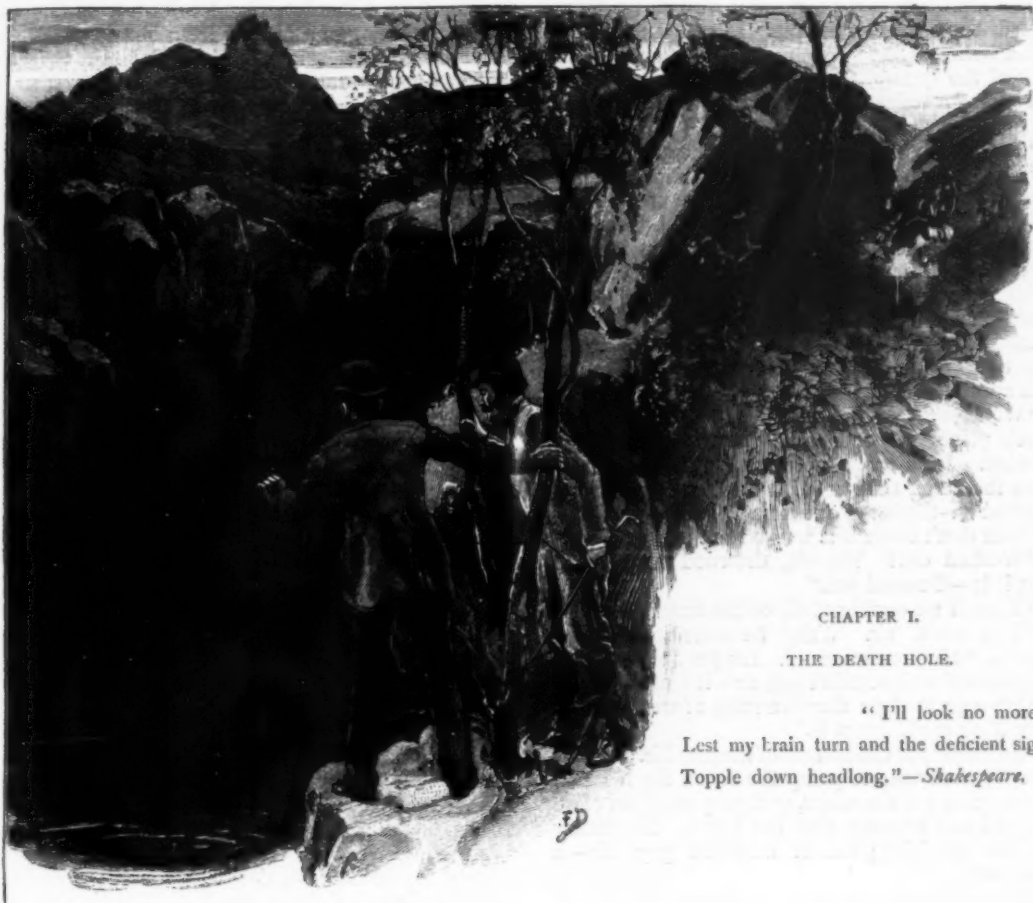


A GLIMPSE OF RURAL ENGLAND.

I  
wh  
me  
hil  
pea  
son  
the  
ski  
van  
by  
pic  
hop  
to  
into

# THE TOADSTONE.

by The Rev. T. S. Millington  
*Author of*  
*"By Hook or by Crook" "No Choice" &c.*



THE PLACE ANSWERED WELL TO ITS NAME.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE DEATH HOLE.

"I'll look no more,  
 Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight  
 Topple down headlong."—*Shakespeare.*

IN one of the midland counties of our island home, a county for the most part flat and uninteresting in appearance except to those who live there and cultivate the soil, and to sportsmen "in the season of the year," a ridge of rocky hills rises, crowned at intervals with sharp and rugged peaks, which seem to have been thrown up by some tremendous volcanic energy. In some places they rise naked and abrupt, pointing directly to the skies; in others they recline or lean forward at various angles, high above the gorse and bracken by which the wild uncultivated land around is picturesquely clothed.

Geologists have likened this formation to a hog's back extending from one side of the county to the other, "cropping up," as they express it, at intervals, in a narrow but direct line, east and west,

and bearing unmistakable signs of igneous and volcanic origin.

In a cleft of one of these rugged peaks two men had perched themselves and were looking down into a deep chasm, the naked sides of which rose almost perpendicularly out of a dark and sullen expanse of water with which the pit was partly filled.

One of them, judging from his appearance, might be a country gentleman, middle aged, of hale and fresh complexion, while the other was more towny in his costume, of stouter build and coarser features. The former was in fact the owner of the place which they had come thither to survey, and the latter a builder or contractor from a neighbouring town who had been requested to give an opinion as to the value of the stone and slate in the pit for building purposes. They had made

their way to the spot by a rugged path, long since disused, and were standing upon a narrow ledge of rock from which a general view of the pit could be obtained. There were trees and saplings, self-sown, springing out of the crevices of the rock behind them, and to these they clung for greater security while surveying with critical interest the wild and picturesque scene at their feet.

The man of business, Stackpole by name, took a large stone in his right hand, and, steadying himself against a projecting rock, threw it with all his force towards the centre of the pit. It struck the water with a hollow "flop" which reverberated from the walls of the quarry, for such it was or had been, and spread a series of wavelets from the centre of the pool to its sides.

"It's awfully deep, Mr. Tenant," he said.

"Yes," the other replied, speaking in a low voice, as if daunted by the loneliness and silence of the spot. The ledge on which he stood afforded him a safe footing, yet he could not look down from it without a thrill of alarm. There seemed to be a kind of fascination in the depth below, as if it would draw him down to his destruction.

Stackpole hurled another and larger stone into the pool. He was evidently subject to no such apprehensions.

"Well," he said presently, "I have no doubt there's plenty of good stone down there, such as we want. It's a great depth, and the lower you go down the better the stuff is in these pits. But how to get at it—that's the question."

"You don't think it is worked out, then?"

"Worked out? No, sir, drowned out; that's what it is—drowned out."

"Then if we could get rid of the water——"

"You can't, sir. Well," he added, correcting himself, "of course we could. It's possible and easy to be done; but it wouldn't pay, sir—it wouldn't pay."

"It's a great pity: there's a mine of wealth down there if we could get at it."

"So there is at the bottom of the sea, Mr. Tenant. I would undertake to pump the ocean dry if I had anywhere to put the water, and get possession of all the gold and treasure that lies there. Machinery can do anything; but it wouldn't pay, sir—it wouldn't pay."

Stackpole's faith in modern science and its appliances was such that he would have contracted to throw a dam across the mouth of the Channel and another at the Straits of Dover, and pump out all the water between, for the sake of the treasure lying in its bed, if it would have paid. Like the great Sicilian engineer of ages past, with his "Give me a place to stand on, and I'll move the earth," Mr. Stackpole would have engaged to turn aside the planets in their courses but for the one all-important consideration that it would not pay.

Some further conversation followed, the owner of the quarry being anxious, as was natural, to find some means of rendering it profitable, as it had been in former times, while the contractor met every proposal with the decisive answer that it would not pay.

"Well, then," Tenant said at last, turning his face towards the path by which they had descended, "the sooner we get out of this the better. The wind is

rising and the clouds gathering overhead. A storm in this place would be dreadful. It makes me feel creepy even now to look down into the gloom."

"I don't wonder at it," said Stackpole. "The place answers well to its name—Death Hole. There has been many a death here, I daresay."

"Likely enough," his companion answered. "Quarrying is dangerous work; standing, as the men do, on the edge of a precipice, or hanging half way down against the face of the rock, and working from a slender stage let down from above—to say nothing of accidents from blasting."

"That all comes in a day's work," said Stackpole. "A quarryman makes his account for that. There must have been foul play of some sort to give the place that name, I fancy—Death Hole! Just a little push now, where you are standing, would topple you over, and down you go a hundred feet to the water, and as much more to the bottom, and nobody ever the wiser. Or if anybody wanted to make away with himself—just one step forward, splash, like that stone, and nothing more heard of him."

"Don't talk in that way," Tenant answered with a shudder. He had turned pale and was trembling. Grasping with eager hands the shrubs and roots which pushed their way out of the scanty soil, he clambered up carefully from the spot, and, without pausing to look back, reached the top of the incline. There Mr. Stackpole, whose trap was waiting for him, wished him good morning and drove away, while the owner of the quarry turned his steps homeward.

"What did the fellow mean," he said to himself, "by putting such thoughts into one's head? Death Hole!—the place has always gone by that name. I shall dream of it now; an awful-looking spot! A man might well be led to throw himself into it, like the bird into the jaws of the snake; and then it would be said that he had done it purposely, especially if——"

He paused there, and, shaking off by an effort the gloomy thoughts by which for the moment he had been oppressed, went on his way with rapid steps, descending the gorse-covered hill towards his home.

An extensive tract of fertile and well timbered country lay before him, dotted here and there with houses. Some of these, dignified by their owners with the name of villa residences, belonged to prosperous tradesmen from neighbouring towns, who resorted thither during the summer months, attracted by the beautiful scenery, the fresh invigorating air, and the sweet sights and sounds of rural life.

Two or three larger houses were visible among the lofty trees in the distance, mansions or seats of the landed gentry, occupied by the owners of the park-like estates in the midst of which they stood, lords of manors, justices of the peace, members of Parliament, perhaps, or at least members of the hunt; distinguished in some way or other in their respective homes and districts, whether known to the outer world or not.

Mr. Tenant was the owner of one of the villas, known as Pierremont, a modern perversion of the old and more appropriate name, Stony Hill, by which the mount on which it stood was formerly

known. He had inherited it from his father, a manufacturer at Stonedale. Stonedale was a low-lying town about five miles distant, which owed its prosperity to the river and canal by which it was intersected before railways had spread their branches everywhere in rivalry. The elder Tenant had carried on business there to the end of his days, keeping up the house at Pierremont for the sake of his wife and family rather than for his own enjoyment; and there he had died suddenly, in his counting-house, surrounded by his ledgers, leaving the result of his labours to his children in the form of a moderate competency.

The younger Tenant, our present "squire," as some folks called him, took things much more easily. He did not care for business. He hated "that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood." He loved Pierremont, and would never go near Stonedale if he could help it. Consequently, as people said, "he let the business go"; at all events, it went. He had enough to live upon, or thought he had, and was contented to spend the income he possessed without troubling himself to add to it by any efforts of his own.

Of course, it is a great deal easier to spend money than to earn it; and a fixed income, even when it seems to be ample, is apt to lose much of its fixedness if one begins early in life to live upon it and live up to it. Henry Tenant, our present squire, had already found this out. He had more than once acknowledged to himself that he must draw in his horns and reduce his expenses. Yet, somehow or other, he had never been able to put these wise and prudent resolves into execution. Whatever might be his expenses, however serious his liabilities, he had always managed to keep a little spending money in his pocket, or a balance at his banker's, for his own personal wants; and while that comfortable state of things endured he did not greatly trouble himself about what might happen in the future.

Perhaps one reason for his carelessness on this head might be that he had expectations, waiting, as it may be said, for dead men's shoes. Men of idle, thoughtless habits, when they find themselves in difficulties as a consequence of their improvidence, are not so particular as they might be as to the means to be employed in getting out of them. Idleness lowers not only the pocket but also the moral sensibilities. A spendthrift will look forward, after a time, to his father's death, though he may have loved him with the affection of a son. He will balance the ever increasing bulk of his own *post-obits* against the growing infirmities of the author of his being, and, in spite of himself, will look upon the one as the only possible remedy, sooner or later, for the other. In the present case that order was reversed. Mr. Tenant had the prospect of inheriting a large sum of money from his eldest son, and that son was in a bad state of health, sinking into his grave with consumption, his recovery hopeless. He loved his son, and he loathed himself whenever the idea of what was to be gained by his death crossed his mind; but he thought of it, nevertheless, when worried by his creditors, and could not help deriving some comfort from the expected inheritance.

The family at Pierremont consisted, in addition to the father and eldest son already mentioned, of a wife, a second son, Arthur, and a daughter, Elsie. The elder son, Herbert, was now in his twenty-first year. He had never been robust, though until recently there had been no reason to fear that he would not live at least to attain his majority. But disease had made rapid strides of late, and his friends had become very anxious about him.

See him on a fine, warm, sunny day, creeping along leaning on his brother's arm, closely attended by his mother or sister, the clear glittering eye, the wasted features, the bright hectic of his cheek, and the quick laboured breath showing too plainly the hopeless character of his disease. Yet he is cheerful and uncomplaining. He hopes he may be spared to see that anniversary to which they are all looking forward with mingled hope and fear—fear, sad, anxious fear, on his account prevailing.

That expected anniversary is a very important date, not only as it regards the invalid, but also as a matter of worldly interest for them all, and especially for the head of the family.

"Have you sent for Weaver?" Herbert asks after a fit of coughing.

"Yes, and for Mr. Gill also."

"Mr. Gill cannot do me any good. He will come, of course, as usual, and I take his medicines; but I want to see Weaver."

"Weaver will be here directly. He is driving up to the gate now."

Mr. Weaver was a lawyer, and Herbert Tenant had sent for him to prepare a will, in anticipation of the day and hour when he should be of age to sign it.

"I have nothing to leave now, Mr. Weaver," Herbert said; "but if I live—you know how the matter stands—if I live to be of age, I shall have—how much?"

"Thirty thousand pounds, with some accumulations of interest, on the day you are twenty-one," said Weaver.

"Yes; and if I die before that day?"

"Then," said the lawyer consolingly, "then you will not want it."

"I shall not want it in any case—that's quite certain; but I hope, nevertheless—I hope and pray that I may live to claim it."

"It is very much to be desired," said the lawyer, "very much indeed, for your father's sake; and—oh, ah, yes, you will live, of course, to claim it, and enjoy it too, I hope."

"That will be as God pleases. With God all things are possible. But I know and you know, Mr. Weaver, that it is not to be expected; and if I should die before next birthday—"

"You mustn't do that," said the lawyer hastily.

Herbert made no reply, but held up his hand as if to deprecate such an expression.

"Tell me what I am to do about the will," said the lawyer, "and it shall be ready for you when you want it."

The young man gave his instructions. A distant relative had left him the above-named sum of money, to be paid to him on his coming of age. If he should die before that time it was to go to

another branch of the family altogether. This it was that made the question of his survival for even a few days longer, so critical from a worldly point of view.

The inheritance, Herbert rejoiced to think, would be of the greatest service to his parents if he could bequeath it to them. Knowing his father's carelessness about money matters, and having some suspicion of the difficulties in which he was involved, he desired that the greater part of this money should be settled upon his mother for her lifetime. This, with a few small legacies to his brother and sister and some others, was the chief object of his will, which was to be prepared in readiness for him to sign on his twenty-first birthday, if he should live to see it.

"You can't do anything, you know, until your birthday," said the lawyer; "or rather the day before it. The law gives you that advantage. On

a want of confidence in his father. The father, for his part, could not exclude from his mind how large a stake he held in his son's existence, and how much depended upon his survival to a certain date; and he could scarcely bring himself to make the usual affectionate inquiries as to his health, and to express the real sympathy which he felt in his suffering.

If they could have spoken freely to each other, if they could have looked into each other's hearts, they would perhaps have been happier. As it was, they spoke only on indifferent subjects, and avoided, as if by mutual consent, those topics which were of immediate interest to them both.

Arthur, the youngerson, spent most of his time upon the hills, or riding, or loitering about in the stable yard or garden. He came in for a few moments now and then to exchange a word or two with his brother; but the atmosphere of a sick room and



THE YOUNG MAN GAVE HIS INSTRUCTIONS.

the day preceding your actual birthday you will become seized and possessed of this money, and can then do what you like with it."

"Could I not sign the will beforehand?"

"No; for two reasons: first, because a minor cannot make a will; and secondly, until you are of age you have nothing to leave."

"True; I pray that I may live so long," the young man said, and, bowing his head devoutly, he remained for some moments silent.

When the lawyer had received his instructions and was gone, the elder Tenant, who had purposely kept out of the way, entered the room where his son was lying, much exhausted, on his couch.

He scarcely looked at him or spoke to him, but sat down for a few minutes by his side. Dearly as they loved each other, there was a certain measure of reserve between them. Herbert had not told his father the particulars of that will for which he had given instructions. He did not doubt that it would meet with his approval, but he shrank from any explanation which might seem to indicate

the sight of anyone in pain or weakness were oppressive to him. They are not very pleasant to anybody. His mother and sister were seldom absent from the invalid's chamber: they read to him, sat near him while he slept, were at hand to notice and even anticipate his wants, and could not have rested long away from him. But Arthur "couldn't stand that sort of thing. It cut him up dreadfully," he would say to himself by way of excuse for his apparent want of feeling; "he would only be in the way. If he could do anything for poor old Herbert, he would be only too glad to do it, but to stand and look at him in pain and weakness, to hear him speak when it was an effort and a trouble to him and generally set him off coughing, was no good to anybody. His mother and Elsie were there. It was a good thing they were not like him. Women seemed to be able to do and to bear a great deal in that line; he supposed they were differently constituted; but as for himself, he couldn't stand it, and was better away."

Arthur Tenant was always ready, however, to

mount his favourite hack, and ride off to Stonedale to fetch his brother's medicine, to carry messages, or do anything in short that could be done on horseback. At other times he prowled about with a cigar in his mouth and his hands in his pockets, listless and unhappy.

Herbert had been and still was a general favourite. The servants, indoor and out, were attached to him. "The best of the family," they would say. It was a sad pity that he should be taken off so. If anything went wrong in the house or in the stable, if the governor cut up rough at any time—and he had a temper of his own, as most men have, when they have cares and anxieties which they will not or cannot share with others—if help was wanted, or a good word to be spoken for them, Mr. Herbert was the one to do it, Mr. Herbert was the friend they looked to. It was a sad pity that he should be the one to be taken away; that was the general opinion; but it often happened so, and they could not stand against it.

#### CHAPTER II.—"SO THE STORY GOES."

"There's something in this more than natural if Philosophy could find it out."—*Shakespeare.*

LEANING against one of the pillars of the stone porch with which the house at Pierremont was adorned, with a cigar between his lips from which no smoke arose nor smell of fragrant weed, some ten or twelve days later than the date of our introductory chapter, stood a young man, rather boy than man, the younger son of the house, Arthur Tenant, gazing pensively, but with eyes unspeculative, at the distant view which lay outspread before him. He was a well grown youth, good looking, with clear hazel eyes, though somewhat languid in their expression, an upright forehead, crisp brown hair, and a fair complexion. Too good, anyone would say who observed him, to be idling about wasting his time, shooting rats, playing lawn tennis, reading trashy novels, and wearying himself from morning till night with trifles.

Arthur Tenant had not yet come to the age or condition of the lounge in the "Dunciad"—

"I marked thee there,  
Stretched on the rack of a too easy chair,  
And heard the everlasting yawn confess  
The pains and penalties of idleness,"

but he seemed to be in a fair way to reach it. Like his father, he had no turn for business—so at least it was presumed; but he had had very little opportunity hitherto of proving what might be his tastes and capabilities in that respect. It was not intended, of course, that he should grow up in absolute idleness, spending his time in the pursuit of pleasure; pursuit, yes, that is the correct phrase. Other things you may pursue and overtake; other things you may pursue and possess; but pleasure, as the main object of one's thoughts and efforts, is a failure. It is like running after painted butterflies and never catching them, or finding nothing in your hand but a spoilt and shapeless thing when caught.

Arthur Tenant was to have a profession or a

calling of some sort, and get his own living somehow; but the question what that profession should be, and the where, and when, and how, had been deferred until circumstances should be more favourable—another tacit looking forward to the *post obit* of the elder brother, whose death was certain to occur in due time, if indeed he did not, as there was now reason to fear, die too soon.

Meanwhile Arthur, though sick and weary of his idleness, was growing day by day more accustomed to it and more incapable of bestirring himself in any useful occupation. There were some good books upon his shelves which he had won as prizes at school, but he never opened them; his only reading consisted of yellowbacks from a railway stall, with hideous pictures of policemen or wild-looking filibusters on their covers; and the pipe or cigar was his constant companion, not so much because he really cared for "a smoke," he would say, as because it "helped to pass the time!"

Pass the time! Do we want any help for that? Is there nothing to be done with the time but to pass it? And when at length the time is passed, when the days of our life are drawing to a close and time is coming to an end for us, as it will, whether we "pass" it or not, shall we want help then to make it move on more rapidly? Oh for another day, or another hour! Oh for a little holding back of that hurrying time which we have been trying all our lives to urge on more swiftly in its flight! The cry of most of us will be in that day, "Oh spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence and be no more seen."

The house in front of which Arthur had taken up his position was built of the rough stone which abounded in that locality. It was of a slaty kind, rich in colour and trimmed only with the hammer, and so far in character with the surrounding scenery; but the building had some adornments of wrought stone, as pillars and mullions and vases, which were not in equally good taste.

The road to the house was visible at intervals for some distance, making two or three zigzags as it mounted the hill between wide spreading banks of golden gorse, and brown and purple heather, interspersed with ferns and bracken, through which here and there rude blocks of stone thrust up their grey and lichen-covered heads in stern and rugged beauty. It was a rich and varied scene, now in the perfection of an early summer.

In contrast with this bright and cheerful aspect, the house itself looked dark and almost gloomy. The sun setting behind the neighbouring hills while shedding its last rays upon the western slopes threw the front of the building into shadow. The outside blinds, which had been drawn down earlier in the day, were still closed, and there was scarcely any sign of life or movement about the spot.

Arthur Tenant maintained his attitude so long and with so little change or movement that he might almost have been mistaken for a statue if his costume, a light-coloured suit of chequered tweed, and the cigar between his lips, had not belied that fancy. Statues in such fashion were to be seen outside the doors of the tobacco shops

at Stonedale, but they would have been out of place on the terrace of Pierremont House. A handsome collie dog, sitting on its haunches at the young man's feet, looked wistfully up at his face, as if trying to read his thoughts and ready to sympathise with them. It was clear even to his canine intellect that there was something wrong with the house or with its inmates.

Presently the sound of horse hoofs was heard, and a horseman appeared in view. The dog went slowly and inquiringly to meet the rider, and trotted back by his side, satisfied and silent. A doctor's hack evidently; even Crusoe seemed to know that.

"How is your brother?" Mr. Gill asked in a matter-of-course sort of way.

"No better, and I hope no worse. He is very ill. We are all very anxious about him."

"Is Mr. Weaver here?"

"He is in the dining-room."

Mr. Gill gave his horse to a groom, who it would seem had been on the look-out for him, and who led it away silently and loosened the girths. The doctor was evidently expected to make a long visit. He had called frequently of late, and a crisis was now approaching—a crisis which depended rather upon times and seasons than on any change in the disease from which the patient was suffering; a question of dates and of the law. The most that could be hoped for now was that life might be prolonged for a day or two, and weighty issues for the survivors were involved. Mr. Weaver, in the dining-room, was preparing his documents, that he might be ready to act on their behalf as soon as the proper moment should arrive.

Herbert Tenant was now very nearly of age, and even yet more near, it was feared, to his death. Dying now, the inheritance to which we have referred would be lost to his family. It would go to a distant relative, almost a stranger to them. Dying some twenty-four hours later it would be his own, and though he could have no enjoyment of it, and as, Mr. Weaver had said, "would not want it," yet he could bequeath it by will to whomsoever he would. The will was ready and the lawyer had brought it with him to read it over, that not a moment might be lost when lapse of time should give the dying man a right to sign it. Witnesses would be at hand whenever they should be called upon. The hours upon the dial were moving on steadily and surely, marking the yet more sure and steady progress of the hours and minutes which must yet elapse before the important sum of thirty thousand pounds could be placed to the dying man's account as his own personalty, and be passed on by his last will and testament to his survivors.

Mr. Weaver entered with more than a professional interest into this critical state of affairs. He looked at the tall "grandfather's clock" as he passed up the stairs, and compared the time with his own watch—an excellent timekeeper which had been presented to him by a grateful client as an acknowledgment of services rendered—as if he would fain have hastened the movements of its inexorable hands. He knew the great importance to the elder Tenant of a sum of money which would not only relieve him from serious difficulties

but provide for his future wants, and he could take a business view of the matter apart from those other considerations in which as an old friend of the family he also participated. The son must die, of that he felt no doubt; it would add greatly to the calamity if he should die too soon. Time, however, would not quicken its pace for him, nor would the fevered pulses which were beating so rapidly in the room overhead calm down to their natural and healthy speed for the benefit of those who were watching by the sufferer's bedside. It was a race between Time and Death, which should arrive first at the goal: and a few hours only remained now before the result of that race should be decided.

Mr. Weaver read the will over to the young man; and being assured that everything was in accordance with his wish, withdrew. It would be useless for him to remain at Pierremont. He intended to return home and to come back again in good time to witness the last act for which he had now made all due preparation.

"How are you going on?" he asked Mr. Gill, as that gentleman entered the dining-room after having paid a visit to his patient. "Any hope?"

"None, I fear."

"You don't say that?"

"I have said so all along."

"Oh yes! of course, a hopeless case in one sense; but how long do you think it will go on? how long will he last, poor fellow? Hours, minutes, I mean; you know how the matter stands from a legal point of view."

"Hours, minutes? Not many hours, I think; but I cannot presume to set a limit to any man's life. Yes, I believe I do know how the matter stands. Not that that would make any difference to me. My duty is to prolong life as much as possible and to spare no effort with that view, apart from all contingencies."

"Of course, of course; and that is what we want. It would be very sad for Mr. Tenant—the father, I mean—if this poor fellow should de cease—or in fact die—just an hour, or say five minutes, too soon for our purpose."

"It would be sad for anyone to lose a son, I think; especially sad to lose an amiable, good, generous youth like Herbert."

"Yes; and to lose all that money with him! Can't you give him something, doctor, just to—"

"No, Mr. Weaver; the issues of life and death are in higher hands than mine. You know that well enough. I can but assist nature as far as I am permitted; of course I am trying to do that."

"Only till to-morrow, doctor."

"But to-morrow will not be Herbert's birthday."

"True, but he comes of age legally the day before his anniversary; if we can only keep him alive till to-morrow, it will be all right."

"All right! I hope so, whether he live till to-morrow or not. All right for him I am sure it will be, however it may fare with those whom he leaves behind."

At that moment the door of the room was opened gently and Arthur Tenant looked in.

"Oh, Mr. Gill," he said, "there's an old man at

the door who wants to see my father ; very particular, he says it is. His name's Todd ; one of our village people. I can't call my father down just now ; would you mind speaking to him ?"

"Todd—old Adam Todd?" Mr. Gill replied : "I know him well ; oh yes ; I'll see him. Let him come in here."

The man who entered was apparently of the labouring class, but well-to-do, judging from his garments of good broadcloth well preserved, a suit for Sundays and holidays which had fitted him well when younger and did not misbecome him now. His scanty white hairs and his wrinkled face, hale and clear of complexion, though they betokened a life of toil, testified also that the life had been soberly and peacefully spent. Though grave and full of concern now, as he advanced to speak with Mr. Gill, the placid and cheerful expression was so natural and constant to his features, that it seemed almost to light up the shadow which for the moment rested on them.

"My name is Todd," he said. "You know me, Mr. Gill."

"Of course I do," said the surgeon heartily. "How are you, Todd?"

"I am very well, sir, thank God—very well for my age ; only a little upset just now by what I have heard about the poor young gentleman."

"Yes, we are all anxious about him."

"You have tried everything you could think on, I suppose."

"Certainly we have," said the surgeon.

"Have you anything to suggest?" Mr. Weaver broke in with some impatience, seeing that the old man was fumbling in his pocket, and wishing to put an end to the interview, which seemed to be inopportune.

"It's my missis would have me come," said Todd. "I am almost ashamed of my errand. I don't hold much with such things as charms, and relics, and what-nots, but my old father, I know, thought a deal of this here, and his opinion should be worth as much as mine or more."

"What is it?" the doctor asked.

"The twoad-stone ; you may have heerd on it, Mr. Gill. It has been in our family longer than any one of us can remember, and was always set great store by."

He took from his pocket a small tin box, from which he extracted with care and tenderness a piece of stone or agate wrapped in silver paper ; in shape it was not unlike the body of a toad, and it appeared to have some marks or letters rudely scratched upon it by a graving tool.

"My grandfather, who worked in the quarries near by, he found it," the old man went on—"found it in the head of a great big twoad, so the story goes. A great big warty thing it was, and as old almost as the creation. It was found alive in the midst of a block of stone—a solid block as nothing could get in or out of. You don't believe me, mister?" he added, turning to the lawyer, whose looks betrayed his incredulity.

"We believe you, Todd," Mr. Gill replied. "I have heard of such things before. There must have been some flaw or crevice in the stone, through which the spawn had got into the cavity,

and by means of which the toad drew breath and sustenance. A baby toad so imprisoned would find plenty of food by catching the insects which pervade such places, and would soon increase so much in bulk as to be unable to get out again ; or it might lie dormant for a time. That's the only way to account for such things. What became of the toad when it was taken out?"

"The creetur shrivelled and dried up as soon as ever it was brought out into the open air : so the story goes."

"And this stone was found in its head?"

"So the story goes," old Todd repeated.

"Very curious ; but why have you brought it here?"

The old man hesitated.

"Well," he said at length, "they do say that a man's life might be kept in him for a while, as that twoad's were, if this stone were laid in the palm of his hand and the fist closed over it. There's a bit of writing in the box, folded up. It's always kept there ; you might as well read it. It was copied from an old book by a curious gentleman who came over one day to have a look at the hills and the quarries when I happened to be about—one of them jollygists, as they call themselves. I told him all about the twoad and the twoadstone, and took him home and showed it him. He wanted to buy it,



IT HAD BEEN IN THE FAMILY LONGER THAN ANY OF THEM COULD REMEMBER.

but I wouldn't part with it—not likely ; and he wrote this out afterwards, very kind, and sent it."

The writing was to the following effect :

"Fenton (1569) says : 'There is to be found in the heads of old and great toads a stone they call borax or stelon, which, being used as rings, give forewarning against venom.'

"Lupton says: 'A toadstone, called *crepaudia*, touching any part envenomed by the bite of a rat, wasp, spider, or other venomous beast, ceases the pain and swelling thereof.'

"In the Londesborough collection is a silver ring of the fifteenth century, in which one of these toadstones is set. The stone was supposed to sweat and change colour when poison was in its proximity."

"Curious, if true," said the doctor, when he had read thus far; "but I don't see how it can help us. There is no question of poison in poor Herbert's case."

"There's a bit more writing on the other side," said Todd, "if you'll please to read it."

"A toad that has been pierced through with a piece of wood and dried in the shade or smoke, will arrest bleeding from the nose or any other part of the body. It has only to be held in the hand, and the bleeding will immediately cease. The cause of this is that horror and fear constrain the blood to run back into its proper place, for fear of a beast so contrary to human nature."

"Well?" said the doctor, looking up when he had read aloud this further extract.

"Well," the other answered shyly, "you see what the book says, sir. I'm told the poor dear lad has lost a deal of blood from the lungs, and you want to stop it. It isn't a dried toad itself that I have brought you, but the stone out of its head may do as well."

"Quite as well," said the doctor, smiling; "quite as well, I have no doubt."

"You don't hold with it, doctor?"

"No, I don't, Adam; and you don't—not seriously."

"Well, sir," said Adam doubtfully, "there's many curious things in nature that I don't understand, nor nobody don't. There wouldn't be no harm in trying it, I suppose?"

"Only this, my good friend," said Mr. Heath, the curate, who had entered the room unobserved, and overheard the conversation. "Does it not seem like turning away from Divine Providence, the God whose mercy is over all His works, to put one's trust in a bit of stone?"

"God forbid!" cried Todd. "If I thought that I'd shy the toadstone into the pit where it come out of, though that's full of water now."

"No, no, you must not do that."

"I don't intend, sir. Why, doctor, all your pills and draughts are under Divine Providence, ain't they?"

"I hope so."

"And why not this? I mind when the Irishmen come over here harvesting, they have little bits of stuff with pictures on 'em hanging from their necks, or little wax medals, or what not; and they say they get 'em from their priests, and they think that no harm will happen to 'em as long as they wear 'em. Now, if there was anything in that, as the priests say, why shouldn't this toadstone be as good as anything else—under Divine Providence, of course. Let Mr. Tenant see it, anyhow, if you please, and do what he thinks proper with it. I should like to have it again by-and-by, you know, because me and my missis sets great store by

it. I won't intrude any longer now, for you must have plenty to do and to think on, I'm sure. I'm glad the poor young gentleman was prayed for in church last Sunday, Mr. Heath, and a good many of us will pray for him every day, I'm certain."

"Yes, Todd, I hope so. That will be better than any toadstone, or pictures, or medals."

"And better than all the medicines in Mr. Gill's surgery," said Todd, with a glance at the doctor. "But let both go together, I say. Sarvent, sir."

And with that salutation and a sweep of his hat, the old man took his leave.

#### CHAPTER III.—WHAT HAD SHE SEEN?

"'T is strange

What Cloten's being here to us portends;

Or what his death will bring us,"

*Shakespeare.*

WHEN Adam Todd had left the room the three gentlemen who remained, though they could scarcely refrain from smiling at the old man's proposal, examined the toadstone with some interest. They had heard of such a thing, but had not supposed it had any real existence. Shakespeare's often-quoted lines were of course familiar to them:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

But they did not know that the old popular superstition still survived. They had thought that the eye of the toad, bright and sparkling as it is, in contrast with the rough and ill-shaped reptile, was the jewel referred to. Here, however, was a stone which they were asked to believe had been taken from the head of a toad, and to which a precious healing virtue was attributed. It was much too large to have a place in the head of any ordinary toad; but the creature from which it was supposed to have been taken was not of ordinary magnitude. The stone had the appearance of an agate, and there were marks upon it as if from the tool of an engraver, representing an outline of the toad to which its origin was ascribed. It was a curiosity at all events, and as such the doctor showed it to Mr. Tenant the next time he entered the room, repeating to him all that old Todd had said on the subject, and giving him the written comments to peruse.

Mr. Tenant, though he did not profess to be a religious man, was not free from superstition. He had his own ideas, for instance, about good luck and bad, and the "chances," as he called them, by which certain "events" were regulated; as if chance could regulate anything whatever. He had not much faith in the toadstone; yet he would not have objected to put its virtue to the test, if Mr. Gill had given him the slightest encouragement. The doctor, however, treated the idea with contempt, and Weaver did the same, and Mr. Tenant had not the courage to say a word in its defence; so the little talisman was laid aside, and for the time forgotten.

"It could not do any harm," Mr. Tenant said to

himself more than once, as he looked at the bit of writing in which it was folded. "Placed in the right hand." I wonder whether it would be necessary to tell him about it, or whether it would take effect without his knowledge. Faith is a great help, the doctors say, in medical treatment. I wonder whether this thing would take effect if it were just laid in his hand without saying anything to him or to anybody else about it. But of course it is all nonsense. Still it seems almost a pity not to give it a chance."

But Mr. Tenant could not bring himself to propose such a thing, and he left the toadstone on the chimney-piece where Mr. Gill had placed it.

After a time the lawyer ordered his trap and left the house. There was nothing more for him to do until the moment when the invalid should attain his majority, by which time he intended to be again in attendance. The doctor was to remain, and pass the night within call of his patient.

Mr. Tenant spent his time chiefly in his son's bedroom, where the mother and sister watched unremittingly. If he left the bedside for a few minutes to walk moodily to and fro in front of the house for the sake of the air, the intense anxiety by which he was tormented drew him back quickly to the spot where his son lay, breathing with difficulty, but fully sensible of all that was going on around him, and of the peculiar conditions which rendered his existence for a few hours longer so important to his survivors.

Father and mother would stand side by side gazing upon their dying son, the former oppressed with care as well as grief, the other thinking of nothing but her firstborn son, so soon to be taken from her, and thankful, even in the depth of her sorrow, for the assurance which she felt that the change would be a happy and blessed thing for him, although so sad for her.

Other thoughts and other cares prevailed in the father's heart. Grief for his beloved son, however deep and real, could not quite drive away the anxieties of a more worldly kind by which he was at that time harassed and perplexed.

Mr. Tenant, since the death of his father, the Stonedale manufacturer, had lived extravagantly, an idle man without any useful aim or effort in life.

The house in which he dwelt and the surrounding estate, although of little value for cultivation, were mortgaged. Other sources of revenue had failed, partly from the use of capital for present needs—the golden goose killed for the sake of the eggs—and partly through the attempts that had been made to obtain a higher rate of interest for that which remained: good interest, with doubtful or bad security.

There was yet another cause which would alone have been sufficient to account for all his liabilities. Mr. Tenant was a votary of the Turf, as it is called. He made no very high bets at first, and had been sometimes fortunate, but the "luck" had been against him for some time past, and he had increased his stakes in the desperate hope of recovering his losses. With trifling exceptions the "luck" had still gone against him.

Until lately no member of his family had had any suspicion as to the state of his affairs. His wife might have practised various economies if she had understood the need of them. His son Arthur might have sought some useful and profitable opening for himself in life, and would have been far happier than he now was, loafing about in idleness and playing the young Squire, with no thought or care for anything but his own amusement. Herbert alone, now on his dying bed, had been taken to some extent into his father's confidence, and was anxious to assist him out of his difficulties. Would that be possible? That was the important question now. Would he live to inherit the property which could only be his if he should attain the age of twenty-one years? The race was nearly run: time was moving steadily onward, and life ebbing fitfully, but no less surely, to its close. A few hours would decide whether, when his last breath was drawn, he would go out of the world as one rich in its possessions and able to enrich others, or poor and helpless. They all understood the situation more or less fully now, though they were not all equally affected by it.

"When he dieth he shall carry nothing away with him," Herbert murmured. "It cannot be wrong, I hope, to wish that one may die rich, when it is all to be left behind for the benefit of others. I do hope and pray that I may be spared a little while, just long enough to make all safe for you."

"Don't think of us," his mother answered, endeavouring to conceal her emotion.

"Is the window open?" he asked presently. "Open it wider; raise me up a little. Daniel kneeled upon his knees three times a day, his window being open toward Jerusalem—toward Jerusalem.' Oh yes, I can see the hills now. Thanks; let me rest so. I see the rugged peaks which I loved to climb. They remind me now of a Psalm—one of the Psalms—can you find it?"

The 121st Psalm was soon found; it was not the first time that he had asked for it during his illness.

"Elsie will read it to me; won't you?"

It was a difficult task for Elsie, and her mother would have taken the book from her; but she could even less than Elsie trust her own voice in the reading.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

"My help cometh even from the Lord, who hath made heaven and earth.

"He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and He that keepeth thee will not sleep."

Elsie's voice faltered there, and Herbert, who had been repeating the words after her in a whisper, went on to the two concluding verses:

"The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; yea it is even He that shall keep thy soul.

"The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth for evermore."

"Promises for you there," he said, "as well as for me. Go on, please."

They understood him and read again, passing on to Psalm cxxv.

"They that put their trust in the Lord shall be even as the Mount Sion, which may not be removed, but standeth fast for ever.

"The hills stand about Jerusalem: even so standeth the Lord round about His people, from this time forth for evermore."

He knew both Psalms by heart, but he loved to hear his mother's or his sister's voice vibrating in harmony with his own thoughts and hopes.

"Thank you, Elsie," he said; "round about His people, here—now—everywhere and *evermore*."

His eyes rested lovingly upon the hills, growing dim now in the twilight, as if they were tokens to him of God's presence and God's help.

Though early in the summer, the day had been warm and sultry, and the window remained open long after the sun had set. The sick man seemed at times to lose consciousness, but whenever he revived, his eyes turned still towards the hills, though he could not see them.

"They stand fast for ever," he murmured. "Even so——" He could say no more; but the truth was evidently in his mind and in his heart—"Even so standeth the Lord round about His people"—and the final word of the promise might almost be seen upon his trembling lips—"for *evermore*."

Mr. Heath, who had been frequently to see the sick man, was now in the house. There was a small church on the hills, but no resident clergyman, the service being performed by a curate from Stonedale, who also had the pastoral care of the district. Mr. Heath, the present curate in charge, had been consulted about the toadstone; but neither he nor anyone else, except perhaps Mr. Tenant, entertained any thought of making use of it. It was a relic of ignorance and superstition, and could only distract the mind at a time when the sands of life were running swiftly away and the prospect of eternity opening upon the view.

Mr. Gill, too, was in constant attendance, doing whatever experience could suggest to prolong life. Mother and sister kept their places by the bedside.

Herbert knew doubtless all that was in their hearts, but it was only by a look or a slight pressure of his hand as it lay in theirs that he could express his thoughts; for the death dew was already upon his forehead, and darkness creeping over his sight and senses.

It seemed at last to be a question of minutes only: the race went on—and still the issue, so far as temporal interests were concerned, was doubtful. Even at that solemn moment the cares of this world forced their way into the sacred chamber, and piled their burden upon the heart of one at least of those sad and solemn watchers.

The father, leaving the bedside, stood at the open window, looking out into the darkness, benumbed, as it were, with the greatness of his trouble—the double loss which seemed to be impending. Hard, very hard, it seemed to him to part with his son, his firstborn, his always good and dutiful and affectionate son; hard, very hard! And to lose his *money* also! Indignant with himself that two such losses should find any place of rivalry in his thoughts, yet he could no more dismiss the one than the other. The race was going on—Time against Life; the goal was nearly reached; and, as a race, with heavy stakes depending on it, the "event" would present itself to him, a man well versed in the customs and phraseology of the turf,

in spite of all his better thoughts and feelings. The suspense was dreadful.

The lawyer had now returned from Stonedale, and had brought with him the last will and testament; but the hour for that had not yet arrived. It would be useless for the testator to attach his signature until the moment when he should have actually reached the legal age of twenty-one years, for he could not bequeath to another that which was not his own, and which might perhaps never come into his possession; neither could he execute a will while yet under age. And now the hand was palsied and could not hold a pen, much less trace any characters of writing; the eye too was dim and the mind wandering and sinking into unconsciousness. The will, therefore, though it needed only a few familiar strokes or letters to make it complete, could not, it was evident, become a valid instrument. The time for that was past; the race was so far run. Death was pushing on, and had already one foot within the goal.

The will, however, was not, after all, of chief importance. By the law of the land the son's money would go to his father unless otherwise bequeathed. It was chiefly for the sake of the settlement and some small legacies to other members of the family that this document had been prepared. It had now come to be a question of time only, of minutes as it seemed, whether there would be a large sum of money for the survivors—thirty thousand pounds—or nothing.

Of minutes; for the end was very near—the race almost ended and the result still in suspense. The "chances" seemed to be going against Mr. Tenant; he ground his teeth together as the idea of a race—neck and neck—forced itself upon his mind; the *stakes*—the money question—asserting itself even more distinctly than before at this critical moment, in spite of his better nature.

Suddenly, the thought which had more than once intruded itself recurred with redoubled force—the toadstone! He had no faith in the wretched thing. It seemed almost a sacrilege to bring such a remedy, at such a moment, into the dying man's chamber, racing as it were with the messenger of death: yet now, the idea took hold of him. What harm could it do? Why had he despised it? Why should any chance be thrown away—anything that could be done left undone? He felt in his pocket for poor old Todd's talisman. It was not there: it had been left in the dining-room where Mr. Gill had shown it him.

Without a word to anyone he quietly left the room and hastened down stairs. Still half ashamed of his errand, he returned, mounting the stairs two at a time, though silently. The old clock which faced him on the landing pointed to within ten minutes of the critical hour.

Ten minutes only, and his son was at the very point of death; ten minutes, and on that brief interval the future, both for himself and wife and children, depended—whether the remainder of his life and perhaps of theirs should be spent in hopeless poverty, or in comfort, credit, and comparative wealth. All this was pictured clearly to his mind as he paused for a moment on his way to the death-chamber. It was no new thought: it had haunted

him for days and weeks past ; but it came upon him now as a temptation, a desperate irresistible impulse. The hands of the old clock seemed, as he looked at them, to stand still ; the pendulum, he fancied, lingered in its measured swing : the sound of its monotonous imperturbable tick-tick irritated him : it seemed to grow slower and slower as he listened to it, as if it were going to stop. He had heard of such things happening at such times. Would the pendulum cease to swing and the pulse of his son fail in its throbbing at the same instant ? The toadstone was in his hand, too late perhaps to be of any avail, if indeed there were any such virtue in it as had been suggested.

Mr. Tenant lingered for a few seconds before the clock, agitated by conflicting emotions : he opened the glass front. At the touch of his finger the minute hand sprang forward, and at that same moment a voice fell on his ear—a hurried, faltering voice—"Father—father !"

It was Elsie calling to him, hastening his return to the sick room, her brother being at his last gasp. What had she seen ?

When the unhappy man passed on in answer to her call, a deathlike pallor had overspread his face, a clammy moisture rested on his forehead, gathering into drops ; the hands were clasped together in a vain attempt to still their trembling.

At the door of his son's room Elsie waited for him, white with grief and terror. She turned from him without a word as he entered, hiding her face in her hands. As he approached the bedside the clock struck the hour. The dying lad heard it, for he opened his eyes and seemed to wake up at the sound from the stupor in which he had been lying. He looked round him, resting his sight for a moment upon each of the sad and solemn faces which bent over him. A smile parted his lips as he looked at his father, and a whispered word fell from him, distinctly audible in the stillness.

"Safe ! Look unto the hills—God bless you all—safe !"

Then he fell back upon his pillow lifeless. The race was ended.

"Thank God !" his mother murmured ; thinking only of the blessed change from suffering to rest, from earth to heaven, of which his last looks and last words had testified according to her interpretation of them.

"It will be all right now," Mr. Weaver whispered in Mr. Tenant's ear, his thought taking a different line. "All right now ; a very narrow margin, but enough to make it 'safe' for you."

A few minutes later the church clock at Stonedale was heard striking the hour. The distant sound came through the open window, borne on the night air, faint, but distinctly audible. Mr. Weaver's countenance fell. He looked at his watch—true to a minute, as he was in the habit of boasting, and in perfect accord with the clock now striking.

"Strange," he said to himself : "only an hour ago the clock on the stairs was right with mine. I noticed it more than once as I passed up and down."

Others did not appear to have heard the Stonedale clock. They had been too much occupied, and were not so near the open window as the lawyer,

who had turned away from the afflicted group, respecting their distress, and was looking out into the night.

"It will be all right now with our friend, I hope," Mr. Gill remarked to the lawyer as they were leaving the room together.

"I hope so," Weaver replied, somewhat doubtfully. "It remains to be proved," he added, after a pause, recovering his spirits. "It's a nice point, an interesting question : there will be something to be done about it before it can be settled,



AT THAT MOMENT A VOICE FELL ON HIS EAR.

I dare say. Thirty thousand pounds is worth fighting for."

As for Mr. Tenant, the person most chiefly concerned, he seemed insensible to everything, confused and bewildered. He had lost his son ; that would account for a great deal that was strange and incomprehensible in his manner. It was no doubt the first and most pressing thought ; his son was dead. But there was a great feeling of apprehension, a sense of trouble to come, with misery and remorse and perhaps dishonour, which seemed to hang over him, and which not even this immediate and solemn visitation, not even the presence of the King of Terrors in his house, could banish from his thoughts.

## THE WINGS OF INSECTS.

BY LEWIS WRIGHT, AUTHOR OF "LIGHT," ETC.

### I.

**I**NSECTS far surpass in variety all other kinds of animals put together. There are believed to be over a million species of them, and in attempting any intelligible review of so vast a world, we must select some limited point of view. Wings are here selected because their use in classification makes them especially appropriate as an introduction to insect study. Linnæus, indeed, practically arranged insects into orders by their wings alone. With greater knowledge, we cannot classify them so simply: we have to take into account other points, and especially the character of the mouth organs, and of the metamorphoses the insect passes through. But the wings remain the most conspicuous feature, and the great orders are still named after Linnæus, according to the character of the wings usually found in them. A study of their wings thus introduces us to a wonderful law of the animal world, viz. that resemblances or differences in any one organ are associated with resemblances and differences in other organs also, which may seem to have no direct connection with them. But for this law we could not indeed classify animals at all, as any class we arranged would appear full of contradictions; but the law of associated variations, of which we shall find some interesting examples in detail, enables us to take the wings as our present guide, in a rapid and yet orderly survey of the Insect World.

Yet it is doubted by modern naturalists whether the earliest forms of insect possessed wings. By a "perfect" insect, we now understand an animal combining certain general features. The very word implies that the body not only consists of segments, as several other classes of animals also do, but is moreover cut into three main portions, known as head, thorax or forebody, and abdomen or hinder body; as clearly seen in fig. 1. We further understand that there is no inside skeleton like ours, but an outside one like a lobster's, of horny substance called chitine; that the creature breathes by air tubes penetrating the whole body, and not by localised lungs; and that it has compound eyes. We understand that it passes through certain orderly stages or metamorphoses, known as the egg or ovum; the caterpillar, grub, or larva; the chrysalis, nymph, or pupa; and the perfect insect or imago; and that in the final or perfect stage it has three pairs of legs and three only, and two (actual or rudimentary) pairs of wings. That a "perfect" insect should possess all these points is a good example of the great law just mentioned, which associates so many distinct features like these in creatures otherwise so different as a bee, a beetle, and a butterfly.

Many insects are, however, imperfect as regards one or more of these points; and it is the nature of

these imperfections which raises the question about the origin of insects and of their wings. Look for instance at fig. 1, one of the tiny thrips dreaded by gardeners and farmers. This one is about

one-twentieth of an inch long. It passes through very little metamorphosis; for there is no inert stage, and the larva is almost exactly like the perfect form in all but wings. These wings are themselves very undeveloped, being narrow, with one or two straight veins only, but fringed with long hairs, from which the family is sometimes named *Thysanoptera*, or fringed-winged. Still there is

development here. But there are insects more imperfect still. Fig. 2 shows one of the family known as mandibulate lice; entirely distinct from the true lice, which have a piercing and sucking mouth and live upon the juices of animals, while these have jaws, and eat their feathers or their hair. They are, however, equally parasites; and it seems an inexorable law throughout the lower animal world, as surely as in our higher moral world, that to become a parasite—to abandon the normal struggle of life for a lazy existence deriving subsistence from others—is to lose the higher faculties and become degraded in the scale. The close resemblance to the larva of the thrips is seen at a glance; but these creatures have no wings at all, and hardly any development at all. Now though this type of insect is almost certainly one which has become degraded, the return to such types is full of suggestion as to the probable line of development; and it is very generally believed that some such simple form was the earliest type of insects generally, and that wings were acquired later.

Take for instance the Campodea of fig. 3, one of a class known as *Thysanura*, or "fringe-tails." The close resemblance to the last is obvious. But



FIG. 1.—CORN THRIPS.



FIG. 2.

though it has no wings and no metamorphosis, there is no reason to suppose this a degraded insect ; it is rather believed by Sir John Lubbock and others to be one of a few sole survivors—no doubt more or less modified, but not much changed radically—of a simple wingless type, which was probably the general ancestor of the insect family,



FIG. 3.—CAMPODEA (×6).

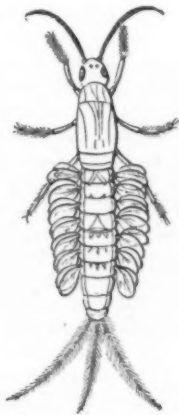


FIG. 4.—CLOËON LARVA (×6).

and, as we have seen, closely resembles the *larval forms* of many insects of to-day. Now let us turn to some other larval forms. As far back as Genesis we can read a statement of the great biological fact that animal life began in the water. Many insects pass both larva and pupa stages in the water still ; and some of these aquatic larvæ have each segment of the abdomen furnished with a pair of thin double membranous films which act as gills, absorbing oxygen from the water, and passing it into the air-tubes. Fig. 4 is the larva of the little fly called *Cloëon*, showing these gills, and the close resemblance in general form to the Campodea. In some aquatic larvæ these gills are moved by muscles and aid in swimming, besides their use in breathing ; in one or two the segments of the thorax develop structures in exactly similar positions, which afterwards become the wings. And it is more and more coming to be believed that wings originated in this way ; the front pairs of gills becoming gradually more adapted, first to swimming, and finally (as the creature acquired the habit of leaving the water) to flying. It is remarkable that there are a few insects even yet, as we shall see, which still use their wings in water as well as in air.

But we will pass on to consider such details as may appear most interesting, of the principal types of wings found in the great Orders of Insects.

#### ORTHOPTERA.

Accepting geological succession as an approximate guide, there is little doubt as to which we must take first. It is the order called *Orthoptera*, or “straight wings,” because the wings are folded up in straight sections like those of a lady’s fan. And there is still less doubt as to what insect we must select from the order for our first illustration. If length of known pedigree (which has of course

nothing to do with the absolute Adam of a race) is any claim to peerage, then the Cockroach is indisputable monarch amongst insects. To those with any knowledge at all of geology, it will be sufficient to say, that down in the Silurian strata has been found the wing of a cockroach, the very earliest fossil of an insect yet known ; while in the Devonian fossils abound, and still more in the Carboniferous. In all the Palæozoic systems we do not know as yet of more than half a dozen other insects beside ; but there are over eighty different species of cockroaches in these early systems alone. From an insect point of view, the Palæozoic was literally an Age of Cockroaches, and what we think their many species to-day, are but remnants of a decaying race ; for which fact house-keepers will doubtless be duly thankful. Before even the great reptiles, down among the trilobites and the early fishes, we find our cockroach ; somewhat different indeed from his modern representatives, but as clearly and unmistakably a cockroach as any of them. Any order of treatment must therefore be one, which preserves to him the honour due both to his numbers and his antiquity.

Observe, that in saying a *wing* of a cockroach is our earliest insect fossil, it is not at all implied that the cockroach is the earliest insect ; on the contrary, if the suppositions briefly sketched above are sound, cockroaches must have been long preceded by insects of simpler type. But it is easy to see why wings are the earliest parts to be preserved. The wing is at first a membranous bag containing fluid, traversed by the insect’s system of air-tubes, which later, in the wing, become veins or nervures. The bag flattens into a double flat membrane, and the fluid is absorbed or dries up ; and so the wing becomes the driest and hardest part, because farthest away from the fluids of the body, which promote the decay of all the softer parts. Thus wings are preserved in fossil form, when all else has perished, just as the bulk of other fossils consists of shells or bones. All that is implied, is that the cockroach was probably a very early type of *winged* insects such as we know now.

At all events, in a cockroach may be traced all the features of a modern orthopterous insect. It

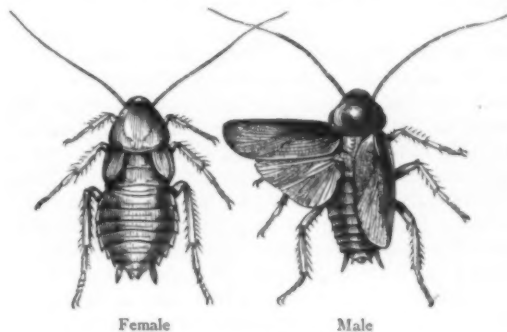


FIG. 5.—COCKROACH.

has the mandibles or jaws of a well-developed biting mouth, the mouth which resembles most the larval mouth of nearly all insects. Looking at the figure, in the hinder wings of the male are clearly

traceable the straight, radiating veins or nervures, while the fore-wings are narrower, and more tough or leathery than the others. Our too-familiar domestic insect flies so little—many never at all—that only by actual unfolding can we trace the folding of the wing; but if the German or American variety can be examined, or other of the foreign non-domesticated species, or a large-winged grasshopper or field cricket, which has flown a bit, the hinder wings will be seen, if carefully laid out, to be plainly creased and a little frayed where the fan-folding has taken place. In the cockroach it is rather remarkable that the wing is first folded in half longitudinally, where the large vein is seen in fig. 5; in this point showing resemblance to the *Coleoptera* which will come before us in another

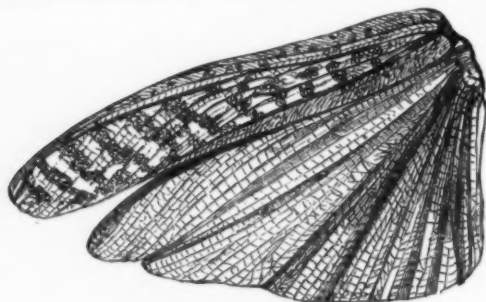


FIG. 6.—WINGS OF LOCUST.

article. The more ordinary simple fan-folding is clearly seen in fig. 6, a life-size drawing of the wings of another orthopterous insect, the well-known locust of Scripture and the East. The creases are here conspicuous where the wings are folded up so as to pack under the front pair, which act as covers to them, and are obviously more thick and leathery.

These tougher, leathery fore-wings are general in modern Orthoptera; and the point is to be specially noticed, just because it is modern. For it is most significant to the naturalist, that in this particular the wings of ancient fossil Orthoptera are different. Look again at the locust's wings, and observe that between the straight radiating orthopterous veins is a minute network of small cross-veins, very similar to what we shall find directly in the other ancient order of *Neuroptera*. It appears also in the fore-wings. Now it is remarkable that all the more ancient fossil cockroach wings are not only more like this in the veining, but the fore and hind wings closely resemble each other, and are equally thin and transparent. The same is true of another group of Orthoptera, the famous "walking stick-insects" of the East; now they are either wingless, or have leathery fore-wings and thin, membranous hind-wings. But the early palæozoic forms have both pairs of wings similar and filmy, so that as long as only wings were found, these ancient species were actually classed amongst the *Neuroptera*. Remember also that both of these two ancient orders—the Orthoptera, and the *Neuroptera* we have to consider next—are more or

less imperfect in their metamorphoses; and it will be seen why many naturalists believe that the earliest type of fully winged insects was probably a more general one, with both pairs of wings transparent and alike, which developed into Orthoptera on the one hand, ultimately with leathery fore-wings; and into *Neuroptera* on the other, with similar thin membranous wings.

At all events, as time advanced the fore and hinder wings of the Orthoptera did become different. In some cases, where the habits of life gradually led the creature into dark places, and flying was more and more discontinued, the females (and even sometimes the males) lost their wings, as in our domestic cockroach; teaching us that if we persistently cease to soar, in time even the power to soar may be taken from us. The little thrips in fig. 1, it has already been hinted, is believed to be a somewhat degraded member of the Orthoptera, but it is also possible that it may represent a type only partially developed, and really more ancient than the cockroach.

Let us look at one more wing from this order, as an example of how a general type may become specialised in some peculiar feature. Fig. 7 represents the pair of horny fore-wings of a male cricket, in which they have become developed into organs of sound. The wing is peculiar quite apart from that, in the fact that, when not flying, it is bent at the strong longitudinal nervure *a*, down at right angles, along the sides of the abdomen, so as to protect the body in a sort of box. That is common to both sexes alike; but in the male (which alone chirps) the other part of the wing has clear spaces *c*, with very few veins, stretched over these like a drum, while the strong cross-vein *b* is crossed by ridges and furrows of hard chitine, like the teeth of a file. It is a file, and when the insect rubs one fore-wing over the other these teeth cause vibrations, which, transmitted to the drum, are magnified into the sound we hear. Other Orthoptera of the grasshopper tribe produce sounds

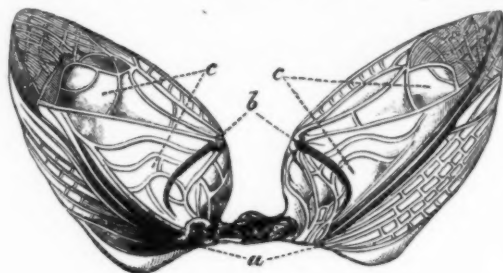
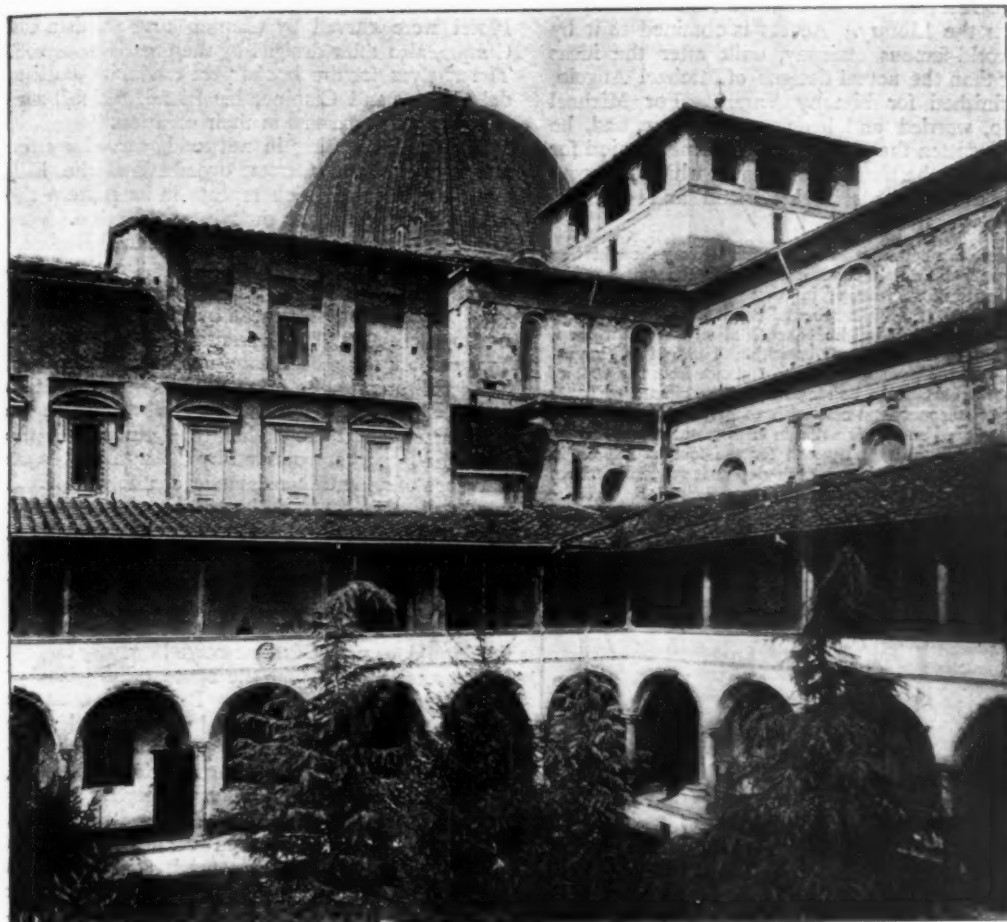


FIG. 7.—FORE-WINGS OF CRICKET (x5).

by their wings, but not all in precisely the same way; the grasshopper rubs a rough file on the hind-leg against the edge of a fore-wing, and in some species of locusts the file on one wing-case is rubbed across a ribbed structure slightly different upon the other. Special auditory apparatus of some kind is found in most if not all of these chirping Orthoptera, as might be expected.

## THE LAURENZIANA LIBRARY AT FLORENCE.



CLOISTERS OF SAN LORENZO.

WHO does not know, by name at least, the Biblioteca Laurenziana of the fair city of Florence that stands by Arno's stream? But does everyone know what it is really like? Tourists come and go through Florence, "doing" the city, as they are pleased to call it, beholding, as they think, all its sights, and pass on their way never having seen it at all, in the intelligent sense, that is to say, having merely been led the length of the great hall by some cicerone who has perchance just uplifted for their benefit one of the green curtains that hide the treasures deposited on the desks, called Plutei, to which in mediæval fashion they are chained to this day, and from which they can only be detached by permission of the head librarian. And yet the Library is perhaps better worth the trouble of a visit than many another place in Florence that tourists rush to see. Its calm, its

majestic and withal restful beauty, its wealth of ancient lore, make it a place of delight to be in, and a lovely memory to store up in the mind. It seems so far from the buzz and pressure and turmoil of the present day, so outside all the limits set by the modern struggle for existence, this beautiful home and dwelling-place of the works of the immortal dead! An atmosphere of true culture pervades it. We feel instinctively that those who frequent this retreat are interested in things upon which time has no power—those things which even thieves steal in vain, those things which are beyond the reach of the clamorous tongues and noisy criticism of to-day.

To reach the Library we must enter the peaceful cloisters of San Lorenzo designed by Brunelleschi, among the most impressive of their kind in Florence.

It is a strange old place, from whose centre uprise dark tall evergreen fir-trees beneath which the long grass grows rank. Here the priests used to keep a kind of hospital for sick and vagrant cats. This institution still survives, though in greatly diminished form; and among the grass may be seen at any time reposing the beneficiaries in question. On the first floor of the cloisters and overlooking them is the Library. Access is obtained to it by the world-famous stairway, built after the ideas rather than the actual designs of Michael Angelo, and finished for him by Vasari. For Michael Angelo, worried and badgered at Rome, had, he said, forgotten the plan he had had in his mind for the steps of the library, concerning which he wrote the following words to his friend and disciple, Giorgio Vasari:

"There is a certain stair that comes into my thoughts like a dream; but I do not think it is exactly the one which I had planned at the time, seeing that it appears to be but a clumsy affair. I will describe it for you here, nevertheless. I took a number of oval boxes, each about one palm deep, but not of equal length and breadth. The first and largest I placed on the pavement at such distance from the wall of the door as seemed to be required by the greater or lesser degree of steepness you may wish to give the stair. Over this was placed another, smaller in all directions, and leaving sufficient room on that beneath for the foot to rest on in ascending, thus diminishing each step as it gradually retires towards the door; the uppermost step being of the exact width required for the door itself. This part of the oval

rooms, probably, in the world. This hall was also built from Michael Angelo's designs, and like the staircase finished by Vasari. It is 46·15 metres long and 10·50 metres wide. Down each side are ranged in rows the 88 carved desks (Plutei) on which the old Medici codices are preserved. To each desk is attached a manuscript list of its contents, a list that is almost contemporary with the desk itself. These Plutei were carved by Ciapino and Battista del Cinque, also after designs by the great Buonarroti. The shelves for the books were made by Battista del Cinque and Ciapino, his friend, "also," says Vasari, "good masters in their vocation."

A splendid ceiling in nutwood, carved by the artists Tasso and Carota, overshadows the hall, while the floor of brick repeats in its pattern the design of the ceiling as though by reflection. Very wonderful is this floor, made by Santi Buglioni, called Tribolo, and most unique, for the art of thus painting brickwork most unfortunately seems to be lost. The room is lighted by a series of stained windows executed by Giovanni da Udine in 1582. The colours have been carefully kept low in tone, clearly with a view to admitting as much light as possible into the Library. They all reproduce the Medici arms and the cipher of Clement VII, the "Medici Pope," surrounded by delicate arabesque drawings of a pure Renaissance character. Each window is different in design, and each is a perfect work of art of its kind. It is no uncommon thing to enter the Laurenziana Library and find artists busily copying their choice and graceful ornamentations.

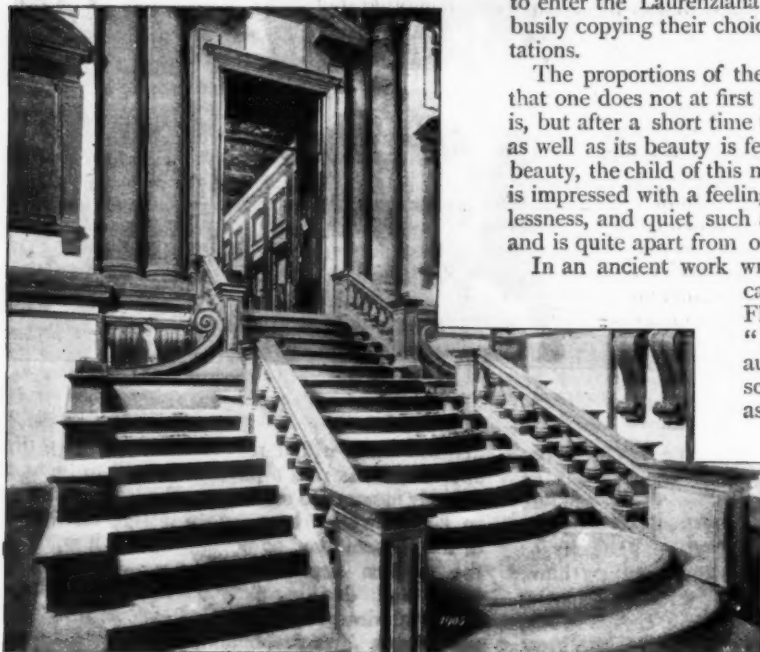
The proportions of the entire hall are so good that one does not at first perceive how very large it is, but after a short time the sense of its grandeur as well as its beauty is felt. But above even the beauty, the child of this noisy, hurrying, restless age is impressed with a feeling of permanence, changelessness, and quiet such as has endured for ages, and is quite apart from ordinary everyday life.

In an ancient work written in 1677 by Bocchi, called "The Beauties of Florence," and published "by permission of superior authority," there is a description of this grand hall, as it struck a contemporary.

In this work Bocchi speaks enthusiastically of the singular and resolute beauty of the architecture of this wonderful hall.

The history of the origin of the Library is as follows.

The originator of the idea of making a collection of books and manuscripts was probably Cosimo de' Medici, usually called 'old Cosimo' (Cosimo il Vecchio), and the idea certainly forms his most valid claim to immortality. It grew apparently out of a collection of books formed by Roberto de' Rossi, who was the founder of the Library of S. Marco,



STAIRCASE DESIGNED BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

steps must have two wings, one right, one left, the steps of the wings to rise by similar degrees, but not to be oval in form."

From this letter Vasari evolved the design of the present staircase by which one enters the vestibule and thence the great hall; one of the most beautiful

Savonarola's monastery. From this library valuable manuscripts have passed into the Laurentian, as well as works from the Abbey at Fiesole, bound up with memories of the painter Fra Angelico. Pietro and Giovanni de' Medici, the sons of Cosimo, carried on their father's work by enriching their



THE CHAINED BOOKS.

private collections. They were, however, far surpassed in zeal by Lorenzo the Magnificent, whose name the institution bears. Lorenzo caused manuscripts to be bought for him not only in Italy but in all parts of the world, sending learned men to travel in all countries with a generous commission to purchase for him whatever they thought desirable. His design was to form a public library for his native town, and he has perchance the merit of being the first man to whom was due such a public-spirited purpose.

His son Pietro, a pupil of the learned Politian, himself given to the study of literature, continued his father's work, placing the Medicean collection, with the consent of the Signoria, in the convent of S. Marco for safe keeping. At the same time he caused an inventory to be made of his treasures. A while after, they finding themselves in money straits to pay the sum exacted by Charles VIII of France, sold the collection to the Friars of S. Marco, who retained it in their convent, save during a brief period, 1498-1500, during which time it was kept at the Palazzo Vecchio. In 1508 the Friars in their turn sold it to Cardinal Galeotto Franciotti,

who bought it for Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici, afterwards Pope Leo X. Thus it returned into the hands of its original owners. The Pope sent it to Rome, depositing it in the Villa Medici, where it remained until 1522, being meanwhile greatly improved and enriched by that Mæcenas of literature, Pope Leo. On his death in 1521, Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, his executor, caused the library to be brought back to Florence, and it was he who gave to Michael Angelo the commission to erect a building worthy to contain it. The site chosen was the cloisters of San Lorenzo.

Cosimo I, Duke and Grand-duke, continued the work of Clement VII (Giulio de' Medici), augmenting the collection and carrying on the work of the building. The library was finally opened to the public on June 11, 1571. It contained at that time 3,000 manuscripts, according to the catalogue of Baccio Baldini and Baccio Valori. After the death of Cosimo II the Library was somewhat neglected by the Grand-dukes his successors, who left the care of it to the Chapter of the Church of San Lorenzo.

During this period many depredations of treasures belonging to the Library occurred. Among the most important was the abstraction of the famous manuscript copy of the works of Cicero, believed to have been the oldest in existence. Many valuable miniatures were also removed from the books, and portions of works were often purloined; perhaps with a view to completing defective manuscripts belonging to other institutions.

The house of Lorraine, which succeeded to the Grand-duchy of Tuscany on the failure of heirs in the Medici line, took much better care of the Library than the successors of the family who had founded it. For one thing, they placed at its head a capable librarian, the well-known Anton Maria Biscioni, noted for his catalogue of the Hebrew manuscripts in the possession of the Library. For some time previous to this the care of the books had been entrusted principally to the custodians appointed by the Chapter of San Lorenzo, men noted for other qualities than those belonging to a librarian. Biscioni was followed by Bandini, one of the most distinguished among the librarians the library can boast, who compiled an excellent catalogue of its contents. This devoted lover of ancient lore applied himself diligently to increasing the number of treasures contained in the collection entrusted to his charge. During his administration many minor collections were merged, by purchase or otherwise, in that of the Laurentiana. Among these were the 355 manuscripts from the Library of Casa Gaddi, seventy manuscripts from the Biscionian Library, the Palatine Oriental manuscripts, an exceedingly valuable collection, the Edilie or Metropolitan collection, and manuscripts from the Royal Archives and the Abbey at Fiesole. The Abbey appears to have been suppressed about this date (1783) by Peter Leopold of Lorraine, who worked a good deal of that particular species of reform. Besides this, about the same period the Library obtained 181 manuscripts from the Mediceo-Lotharingian-Palatine Library, as well as the collection made by the Senator Carlodi Tomazo

Strozzi, the papers of the Florentine Council, and the archetypal Codex of the Pandects.

Bandini's successor was Del Furia, who also composed a valuable catalogue, preserved in the Library to this day in four manuscript volumes. In 1808, when all the regular monastic orders in Tuscany were suppressed, their libraries were officially divided between the two great Libraries of Florence, the Magliabechian and Laurentian, the latter in this wise obtaining many treasures, to which yet more precious matter was added in 1867, when the Italian Government in its turn suppressed those monasteries still extant. In 1885 there was further added the very valuable and much discussed collection of 1,887 volumes from the Ashburnham collection, bought by the Italian Government at the instance and through the instrumentality of Professor Pasquale Villari, the historian of Savonarola and Machiavelli; to contain which a special set of rooms has been recently opened, thanks to the enlightened zeal of the present librarian, Professor Guido Biagi, a gentleman who indefatigably places his rare erudition at the disposal of all students. All these numerous collections that have streamed from time to time into the Laurentian Library have made it one of unique value. Its shelves boast, besides work of great beauty, tomes of immense literary and historic value. Even to enumerate these would far exceed the possibilities of our space, but let us take a glance at a few of these treasures, and especially at such as are unique of their kind.

First and foremost deserves close attention a copy of the Gospels written in Syriac character, used in the churches of Mesopotamia, Syria, and Assyria. It dates from the sixth century, that is to say 586 after Christ, and was written during the Pontificate of Pelagius II. It was copied in the monastery of Zagba in Mesopotamia. Thence it was brought in the eleventh century to S. Maria di Maiphuc in the province of Botrense, thence again to S. Maria in Kannubin, and finally in 1497 it found its last resting-place in the Laurentian Library. It is a work of rare value to Scripture students.

No less valuable, but in this case to students of the law, is the world-famous Codex of the Pandects of Justinian, known as "the Florentine Pandects." They date from the sixth century, and are written in uncial character on very fine vellum made of antelope skin. They consist of two volumes, of which the first contains 441 sheets and the second 465. It is evident that they were written and corrected by a Greek amanuensis. In these two volumes are contained a summary of all the juridical literature that existed prior to the Emperor Justinian, which he commanded his Prime Minister Trebonian to collect, an enlightened act that redounds to his honour and has helped to preserve his name to posterity far more than all his conquests and wars. Indeed, the Justinian Code has become a legal byword and a final appeal in all legislative problems. This priceless manuscript is said to have been brought from Amalfi, where it was deposited, at a period unknown, by the Pisans who made war on that city in 1135. In 1406, Pisa falling into the hands of the Florentines, Gino

Capponi, the then Gonfaloniere of Florence, carried the manuscripts to his native city as a spoil of war. There is perchance no manuscript in the whole of the Laurentian Library that visitors more often ask to see than this ancient codex upon which our modern law is based.

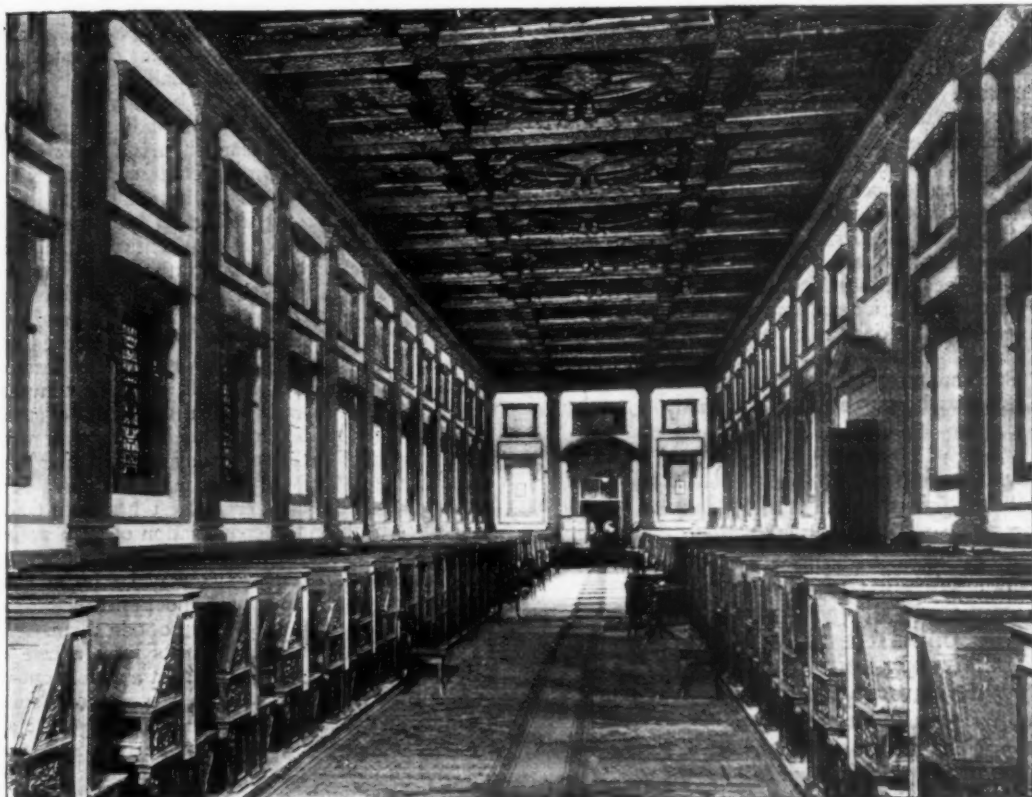
Another manuscript which English visitors love to gaze on is the so-called Amiatina Bible. It is written throughout on vellum and dates from the end of the seventh century. Recent research has proved that this is the copy of the Bible which Ceolfride, Abbot of Wearmouth in Northumberland, brought with him (as narrated by his disciple Bede) when in 716 he came from England to Rome on pilgrimage, intending to offer it as a votive gift at the Holy Sepulchre. Ceolfride was the successor of Benedict Biscop, who made five pilgrimages to Rome, no small feat in those days when travelling was truly encompassed with dangers. From these travels he brought back many precious manuscripts to his monastery at Jarrow in Northumberland. On the fourth voyage he was accompanied by Ceolfride, who made the pilgrimage to celebrate the completion of a basilica at Jarrow. The manuscript was transferred from a monastery on Monte Amiata near Siena to the Laurentian Library in 1785, at which date the library became possessed of a very precious collection of manuscripts formed in the seventeenth century by Senator Carlo Strozzi, a descendant of the famous Florentine Strozzi family.

Of great value, too, is the celebrated manuscript written on vellum of the works of Virgil, dating from the end of the fourth century. This, known as the "Medicean" Virgil, is the oldest codex of Virgil which exists, and contains nearly the complete works of the great Latin poet. It is in Roman capitals, and it was written by Macarius, a member of the Senatorial order. It consists of 220 sheets of fine lucid parchment, and is endorsed in capital rustic handwriting, very neat and regular. It belonged for some time to the family of del Monte, then to Pope Julius III, who was a member of that family. It was probably purchased from them by Francesco I de' Medici for the Laurentian Library. Having been left in charge of the two custodians appointed by the Chapter of San Lorenzo, the manuscript suffered severe damage. The custodian, Francesco Ducci, writes in the seventeenth century that the Dutchman, Jacopo Tollio, carried away the oldest codex of Cicero, written in the same character as the Virgil. Probably about the same period fourteen other manuscripts were carried off, and many fine miniatures were abstracted. It was then too, most likely, that the Virgil lost its first sheets, for it now begins only at the forty-eighth line of the sixth *Eclogue*. There is wanting also to the codex a sheet of the eighth book. In 1799 it was carried off as boot by the French. The order for its removal is countersigned by the Canon Francesco Buoni, under-librarian, Gasper Bencini and Simone Cambini, coadjutors, and Francesco Ciatti, custodian. Ferdinand III, when restored to his realm of Tuscany, obtained back the manuscript through the

good offices of Prince Metternich. Two Florentines, a senator and a painter, were despatched to Paris to bring it back in triumph. In 1816, by order of the Grand-duke, there occurred a solemn exposition of all the objects reacquired from France, including this precious codex, which was then replaced with all formality in the Laurentian Library. It still owns the bad binding given to it in Paris, which

the careful and valuable edition of "Longus" published by him. With somewhat brazen impudence he left inside the manuscript a paper with the following so-called apology written upon it:

"The slip of paper placed in this manuscript as a marker having been blotted with ink, the fault is entirely mine, who have been guilty of this carelessness, in proof of which I sign myself 'Florence 10.9.1809. Courier.'"



THE LIBRARY HALL, WITH CARVED NUTWOOD CEILING BY TASSO AND CAROTA.

makes it very difficult to open. Pier Francesco Foggini, librarian of the Vatican, published a facsimile of it late in the eighteenth century

A manuscript copy of Boccaccio's tales of the Decamerone, dating from 1384, remains the text book for these famous stories; and no less a text book of tales is the codex of Longus' Pastorals, written in a minute handwriting which has been injured in places by damp. Among other writings to be found in this manuscript are 60 letters of the Emperor Theodore Lascaris, 249 epistles of Gregorio Theologus, a life of Æsop, and a copy of his Fables which the librarian Francesco del Furia extracted and published in 1809. But its most important contents are the four books of the old Greek Pastoral of Longus, "Daphnis and Chloe." One page of this contains a supplement that had not been previously known. This valuable sheet was blotted with ink by the French writer, Paul Louis Courier, when consulting the manuscript for

This new fragment was published by the same careless reader in 1810 at Rome, in an edition limited to sixty copies; and the entire text was published in the same year and by the same writer—also at Rome—in another edition of but fifty-two examples.

Deeply interesting as well as valuable is a codex on vellum of the fifteenth century containing the "Cosmography of Ptolemy," in eight books, translated by Jacopo Angiolo di Scarperia, a small town in the valley of the Mugello, who dedicates to Alexander v in 1415 the version of Ptolemy made by him. Most elegant is the writing of this manuscript, most splendid are the miniatures—of which there are thirty full-page specimens, executed in perfect taste, resplendent with gold and colour. The first represents the whole world; thirteen relate to Europe, four to Africa, twelve to Asia. Each book, in fact each chapter, boasts an initial letter entirely illuminated in gold. The writer and

miniaturist was a certain Niccolò Germano, who dedicated the manuscript to Borso d'Este, Duke of Modena and Reggio, as appears by the preface, written in gold on a red ground.

Often referred to is a codex on vellum of the fifteenth century, most daintily written, containing the "Sonnets, Canzoni, and Trionfi" of Francesco Petrarca, the lover of Laura. The codex further contains the mention of the lady's death extracted from the Ambrosian "Virgil," and at the end a life of the poet. In this manuscript are the two portraits that have been accepted as those of Laura and Petrarch, which, tradition tells us, were reproduced from those made by Simone Memmi (more properly called Simone Martini), a painter of the Sienese school who flourished in the fourteenth century, and whose frescoes we can all admire to this day in the Spanish Chapel of Santa Maria Novella, those works which Mr. Ruskin calls "The open Book." This manuscript was written at Siena in 1463 by a certain Jacopo Macario, a Venetian, as may be seen by the subscription on page 183, "Jacopus Macarius Venetus scripsit in civitate Senarum 1463."

Such are a few of the treasures contained in the Laurentian Library, and there are many more besides

of Missals and Antiphoners is great, and many are illuminated with the choicest miniatures dating from the best periods.

A Tribune built by the architect Pasquale Poccianti, rather neo-classic in design, but nevertheless very beautiful, though not perhaps strictly in keeping with the great hall, was erected on purpose to contain the 1,199 volumes of original editions (*edizioni principi*) collected by Count Angiolo Maria d'Elci. In this room readers are frequently placed, for here they can be quiet and out of the way of the tourists who come to inspect the great hall.

It must not be thought that because the Laurentian Library contains only ancient books that are chiefly of interest to scholars, there is therefore little life within its walls. On the contrary, it is a most lively place. Photography is here always at work, copying and thereby saving to posterity great treasures that might otherwise entirely disappear owing to the action of time. Further, all discoveries in the world of ancient literature are followed up with eager interest, and an active correspondence with all the learned of the world is carried on. Italy still owns in remote districts many learned hoards, which are in the hands either of convents or of ancient families often ignorant of their value, and so indifferent to their safety that there is great risk of their some day finding their final home in the mill of the paper manufacturer. Fortunately, of late a greater interest has been taken in the peninsula in the conservation of such works. Even the smaller towns have tried to rescue several priceless manuscripts, and it may be hoped that such works as still remain may not perish before the Library shall be in a position to obtain them.

The Ashburnham Manuscripts form a case in point. There was on their purchase a great outcry in the land because of the expense, and without a fortunate occasion they would probably have all remained in England, or have gone to Berlin, that *nouveau riche* of capitals, which is always ready to purchase anything which is worth buying. There was of course another alternative. They might have all gone to France, for whatever France may be politically or ethically, as regards literature she still remains a queen. She better than any other nation knows the worth of a treasure founded upon an intellectual valuation, and no clamour, no struggle for life, can cloud her vision. She may go mad at moments and even burn her treasures, but she knows that they are precious all the time. This reflection may not seem quite *à propos* of the Laurentian Library, but it is not so far away as it would appear. To her artistic and literary superiority France largely owes at this moment her influence as a nation; to her libraries and her galleries Florence owes the fact that she has not become as dead as one of the cities of the Zuyder Zee. No doubt some persons may object that the Popes and Grand-dukes who founded and built the Library were wicked tyrants, as many of them certainly were. But in founding such a Library they did unquestioned good. "Leo x," says Trollope, "preferred light literature to bloodshed," and as we all know he caused Raphael to paint his portrait in the act of studying an illuminated manuscript. Leo and Clement and Cosimo

RECORDATA EST BIERUSALEM  
DIERUM AD PLECTIONIS SUAE  
ET PRÆCURATIONIS  
OMNIUM DESIDERABILIUM  
SUORUM QUAE HABUERAT  
ADIERANT QUI SCILICET CADERET  
POPULUS EIUS IN MANUS HOSTILIS  
ET NON ESSET AUXILIATOR  
VIDERUNT ENIM HOSTES ET DERISI  
SERUNT SABBATAEI  
PECCATIUM PECCATI BIERUSALEM  
PROPTER ENIM INSTABILIS  
FACTA EST  
OMNES QUI CLORIFICABANT ENIM  
SPREVERUNT IN ILLO QUAE VIDE-  
RUNT IN OMNIBUS EIS  
IPSAM ENIM CEMENTENS  
ET CONVERSARE RETORSIT  
SOL DES EIS IN PEDIBUS EIS  
NE RECORDATA EST IN ISSAI  
DEPOSITA EST TUEBEMENTER  
NON HABENS CONSOLATOREM  
VIDE ENIM AD PLECTIONEM MEAM  
QUONIAM ERECTUS EST IN OMNIBUS

FROM THE AMIATINA BIBLE.

almost as priceless: for example, a Tacitus dating from the tenth century, containing the first five books of the Annals; all the manuscripts of the poet Alfieri, as well as books annotated by his hand; several valuable editions of Dante; Benvenuto Cellini's autograph autobiography; and sixteen folio volumes of St. Augustine's works, enriched with pictures and ornamental borders. The number

and Lorenzo have all long passed away. To their credit it must be said that they cared for things that last, things of which the true value depends neither

tiful, valuable, full of truth and of deep meaning, and of never-ending and harmless delight. People wrangle about them at times, it is true, but the

INCIPIT LIB. XXII

desponsalibus  
Florentinus lib. pro tertio institutionum  
sponsalium sententio et re promissionu  
ptiarum futurarum:  
Ulpianus lib. pro singulari de sponsalibus spo  
salia autem dicta sunt a spondendo nam mo  
ris fuit uteribus stipulari et spondere sibi  
uxores futuras:

FACSIMILE FROM THE PANDECTS OF JUSTINIAN (SIXTH CENTURY).

familiarum imagines ante lectas sunt manibus quicunque  
eiusdem nobilitatis nomina: sed praefulgebant cassius.  
atque brutus eo ipso quod effigies eorum non uidebantur.

P. CORNELI LIBER. III. FINIT

INCIPIT LIBER. IIII.:-

AB EXCESSU DNI AUGUSTI

A. G. asino. c. antistio. cos non ut aberio annus erat com  
positae re publicae florentis domus, nam germanici mor  
tem inter prospera ducebat. cum repente turbare fortuna  
coepit, facere ipse aut se uentab: uires praebere Intrau

FACSIMILE FROM TACITUS (TENTH CENTURY).

upon fashion nor upon trade. While other things float away down the rushing stream of ever-changing daily life, these treasures of the Library remain, beau-

causes of quarrel remain as lovely as ever when the fight is over and the fighters are laid low.

HELEN ZIMMERN

## A VENICE OF THE FAR EAST.



THE KING OF SIAM.

**B**ANGKOK is not a pleasant city. Bangkok is not even a pleasant-smelling city. But a certain noble globe-trotter saw fit to christen it "the Venice of the East," thereby exposing himself to the criticism that Bangkok resembles the Italian city only as regards the number and pungency of its odours. This, however, is scarcely just, since the framer of the simile doubtless had in his mind the numerous waterways which intersect the Siamese capital. There is far more of truth in the saying that "Siam is Bangkok"; for you go north of Bangkok, and the farther you go the deeper you are plunged into a land of fevers, jungles, morasses,

and wild beasts—and this is a sample of that delightful region which France hopes to add to her already fruitful, flourishing, and remunerative Far Eastern colonies!

Nevertheless, Bangkok is interesting without a doubt. Imagine a "nation-city" of palaces, pagodas, bamboo houses and huts, peopled by a vast and motley crowd composed of two hundred thousand Siamese, probably more than that number of Chinese, and a few hundred Europeans of every nationality, with a numerous sprinkling of Hindoos and Mohammedans thrown in, like a touch of garlic in a stew, for pure diversity. Imagine dirty

roads intersected by innumerable *klongs* or canals. Imagine all this and a good deal more besides, and you have Bangkok. It is the largest city that the traveller encounters between Calcutta and Canton. About forty thousand of this population are contained within the city walls, where of course the royal palace and public buildings form the centre of attraction. Without the city walls lies the "town," throughout whose entire length runs a highway known as the New Road. This road runs parallel with the River Meinam, on which the place is built, and on whose banks are situate the legations and consulates of foreign Powers; the Bank; and the only two good hotels which Bangkok boasts. Yes, the place is cosmopolitan or nothing.

Prior to the outbreak of hostilities between Siam and France, the average Englishman possessed a very limited, imperfect, not to say exaggerated idea of the dominions swayed by the sceptre of King Chulalongkorn I. He had a kind of a "kinkle," as they would say out West, that such a country had an existence in fact. He had heard of a phenomenon known as the Siamese twins, and he likewise cherished a kind of suspicion that when at school he had read of white elephants in connection with Siam. But *nous avons changé tout cela*. Now, on his way to town every morning, the average Britisher reads his paper, and is fully informed of all that passes in Siam. If occasion prompts, he can discourse glibly upon French designs, neutral zones, *rive gauche* of the Mekong, and so forth.

Which reminds me of an incident that happened on my voyage home the other day. We were only one day out from Singapore, and were sorrowfully discussing the wolfish aggression of France, the relative weakness of Siam, and what seemed to us the astonishing pliability of Great Britain, when a fellow passenger addressed me as follows: "And pray, sir, where *is* Siam? I know it is somewhere between this and Gibraltar, but I can't recall the precise locality." "No, sir," said I, "you're wrong. It's not even between this and Gibraltar, for in leaving Singapore we are leaving Siam behind us." And I have frequently seen letters from home addressed to "So-and-So, Esq., Bangkok, China!"

The approach to the city up the Meinam River from the open sea is exceedingly picturesque, especially if you arrive in the early morning. The river itself is crowded with floating houses—a considerable proportion of the inhabitants constitute a "floating" population—the banks with tropical vegetation, tropical birds, and bamboo-huts. As you ascend higher, Bangkok is unfolded before you panorama-wise, Wat Chang (*wat* in Siamese signifies a temple), the most imposing of the Buddhist places of worship, towering above all other buildings. If it be the very early morning, you will see the yellow-robed Buddhist priests going from house to house collecting their day's rations from the charitable. There must be at least twelve thousand of these droning gentry—a race of drones themselves—in Bangkok to-day. Buddhist law forbids them to eat after noon, for which they compensate themselves by alternately smoking huge *burrees* and chewing betel-nut. If the priests number thousands, their *wats* are hundreds in number, each having its high priest and his numerous satellites.

The priesthood is in its element on the occasion of an important cremation, the national mode of disposing of the dead. The *venue* is Wat Se-kate, outside the city walls. But it is a regrettable fact that those Siamese whose poverty is too great to admit of their cremation, are merely taken to Wat Se-kate and there thrown to the vultures, dogs, and pigs. This is revolting enough; but it is quite sufficiently suggestive to see the vultures roosting upon the trees near by, waiting for the next event.

Again, "'tis true 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true" that Siam's prison system, or, more correctly, want of system, is sadly in need of reform. The building known as the New Gaol at Bangkok now contains about eleven hundred criminals, very few of whom, no matter how trifling their crime, know what is to be the duration of their sentence! Truly "Abandon hope all ye who enter here" might well be applied to Siam's prisons. This not unnaturally makes the convicts discontented, even desperate, with the result that three or four determined attempts to break out of the New Gaol have taken place in the short space of eighteen months. I myself witnessed seven of the prisoners lying shot dead, the outcome of the last of these attempts.

A system of slavery or bondage for debt unhappily still exists in Siam, and at Bangkok one frequently sees men of all ages walking about in chains. These are, generally speaking, people who, having borrowed sums of money under agreement to serve the lender for so many months or years, abscond before the time has expired. They are thereupon pursued and brought back—for the ordinary Siamese has so little idea of distance that he thinks himself "safe" only a few miles away—after which the law permits their masters to chain them in order to hinder a repetition of the attempt. By a Royal Edict, I understand, King Chulalongkorn has decreed the release of all slaves whose bondage commenced at a later date than his accession (1868). But this still leaves numerous captives.

The city is the queerest conceivable admixture of the Oriental and the European. An Electric Light Company was started, but it speedily went into liquidation. Not so the Tramways Company, which, not content with paying an extremely promising dividend, has actually opened an electric section with the best results; so that one is confronted with the strange spectacle of an electric tramcar flying along the street in juxtaposition to the gharry, the 'riksha, and even the bullock-cart of barbarism. There is now even a line of railway between the capital and the small but important town of Paknam, which is well patronised by the Siamese. For some time past, it may also be worthy noting by way of contrast, Bangkok has been manufacturing its own ice.

Bangkok rivals Stamboul in the number and malignity of its pariah dogs. There are so many thousands of these miserable, yelping curs that the European, in whom they appear to recognise an implacable foe, is fain to arm himself with a stout stick when walking the streets by night. The reason assigned for the numbers and ferocity of

these brutes is the natural timidity of the Siamese coupled with the tenets of their religion, which precludes them from taking even canine life. Still, one seldom hears of a case of hydrophobia. Again, the people, though constantly laving themselves in the muddy waters of the Meinam—which is considerably worse than the Thames at

filthy and insanitary, have become under French rule models of what a city's thoroughfares should be. The shops are mostly "general stores."

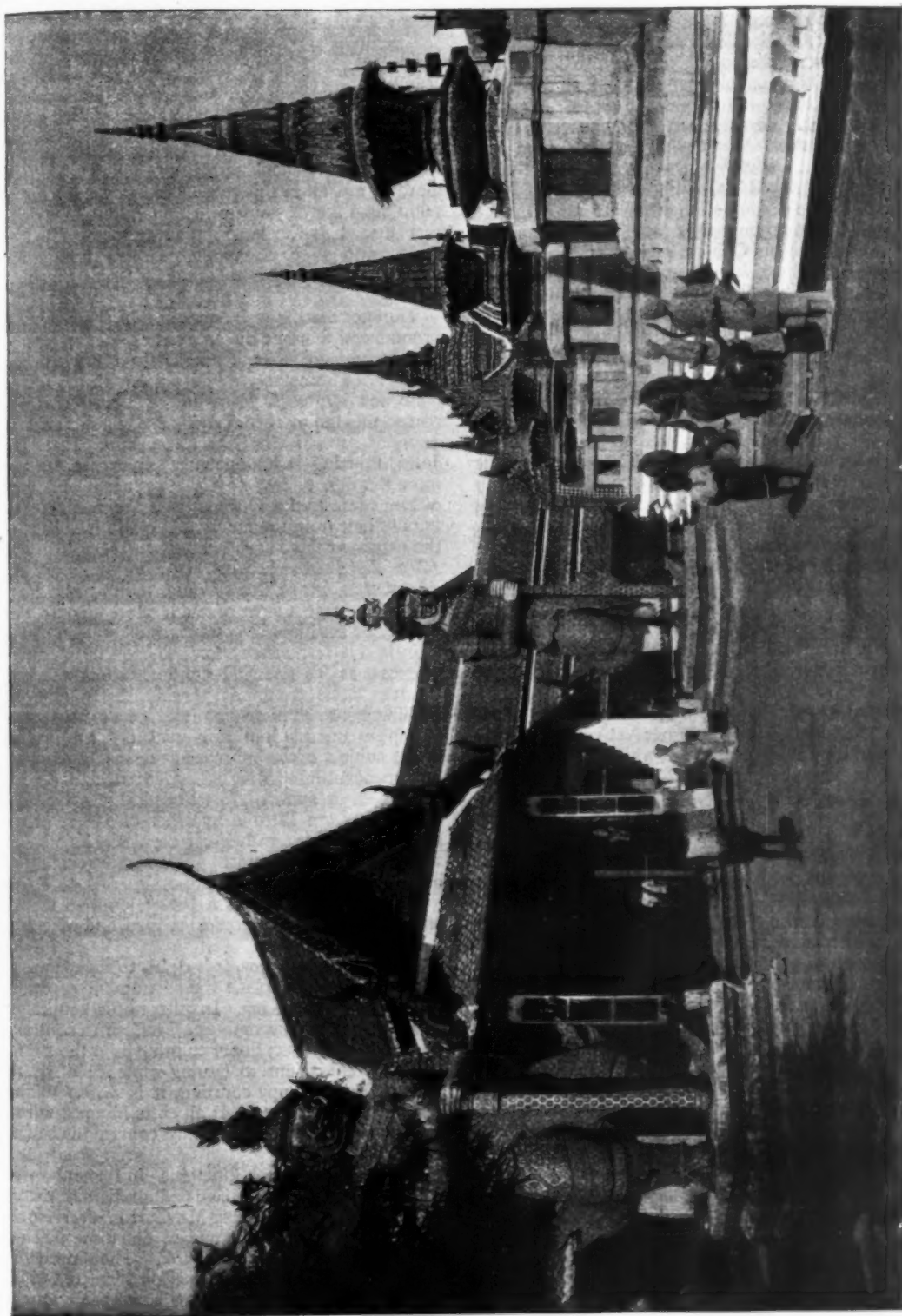
The police of Bangkok, calling them such by courtesy, are more of a disgrace than the soldiers—which is saying a very great deal. The Siamese are naturally a race of small men; but this police



WAT CHANG, BANGKOK.

London Bridge—never seem really clean. This doubtless accounts in part for the cholera visitations to which the country is periodically subjected. The streets of Bangkok, excepting in the vicinity of the Palace, are uniformly filthy. In this regard, as in many others, a Protectorate by a European Power would do much for the place, as witness Saigon, whose streets, from being almost equally

force is absolutely an agglomeration of dwarfs and shrivelled-up mummies. *Esprit de corps* is unknown amongst them, and I believe their pay is many months in arrear. In a word, in order to obtain a police at all, the authorities have robbed the cradle and the grave, the preference being given to the latter. When the Franco-Siamese trouble took an acute turn, and public feeling was



TEMPLE OF THE GOD KAYON, BANGKOK.

inflamed against the European residents, these latter were shadowed by the police at night, but it savoured very much more of a protection of the constabulary by the Europeans.

The Siamese are so innately lazy, that it is the Chinamen of Bangkok who do most of the work. These coolies are not a pleasant crowd, but they can work like horses when they choose. There has been much intermarrying between them and the Siamese. With a few exceptions, all the "boys" employed in European households in Bangkok are Chinese, as also are most of the cooks. During my residence there, the aged chief of one of the Chinese secret societies died—he had long been imprisoned by the government as a dangerous character—and the funeral "rejoicings," which were kept up for days, terminated in a free fight, bloodshed, and several deaths, the authorities taking care not to interfere. The inner working of these secret organisations is very mysterious indeed. In Bangkok there is one particular class of Chinese who wear very thick pigtailed wound about their heads, and which they never let down on any pretext. These men are members of a secret society, and since they would immediately be arrested in their own country, in Hongkong, or in the Straits, they flock to Siam in great numbers. I must not omit to mention the Chinese pawnshops, whose name is legion, and where stolen property may generally be sought with a reasonable chance of success. The Chinese have their places of worship too, and their funeral obsequies, with the mourners dressed all in white, are more or less hideous pageantries. Even these, however, can hardly compare with the elaborate ceremonials of the Siamese every time a new priest is admitted to the ministry, nor yet with the feast-days of the Siamese Calendar, which are numerous, and include much beating of gongs and tom-toms.

The climate of Bangkok is as enervating as the mosquitos are pestilent. Woe to the crew of that vessel which is rash enough to drop anchor for the night off "Mosquito Point"! The rains set in in August, and continue with steady persistence until towards the close of the year, albeit there is no appreciable falling-off in the intense heat. December and January are the two cold months; but if it were ever possible for snow to fall, few of the people would recover from the shock!

I have said that the streets of the city proper—that is, the vicinity of the Palace and its environs—are much better kept than those of the town. At sunset a really fine view may be obtained, looking towards the huge domed and minareted residence of King Chulalongkorn—covering an area of one English mile—whose interior has been as a sealed book to all unofficial Europeans ever since the dispute with France. Here lies the Premène Ground, a wide stretch of green not unlike Kennington Oval, and which is occasionally utilised for cricket by the British community, occasionally for drill by the troops, but more often is not utilised at all. In front of the barracks, which face the east wall of the Palace (its west wall having a frontage on the river), the military band plays for an hour every evening. The

native handsmen have been trained on European methods, and their *répertoire* includes selections from the best operas.

Near by is situate the Royal Military College, an English-built building that is sadly in need of English supervision inside. The Borispah Court House, the Royal Museum, the Library, the Cavalry Barracks—rather a misnomer, seeing that the Siamese army happens to be devoid of this arm—the Royal School of Mines, and the King's Garden, are all in this part of the city. The last-mentioned is well worth a visit, including as it does a memorial to the late Supreme Queen and her child, who were unhappily drowned here; nor should the visitor omit to see the far-famed Sleeping Buddha.

The peculiarities of Siam are nowhere more pronounced than in the manners and customs of the inmates of King Chulalongkorn's wondrous Palace. The names of the present King's father (who was born on October 18, 1804, and who departed this life in 1868, leaving the succession to a boy), as given by no less an authority than Sir John Bowring—who ought to know, he having more than once, both on his own behalf and that of Her Majesty the Queen, been the recipient of tufts of hair from the far-famed White Elephant—the names of this august sovereign were as follows: *Phra Bard Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut Phra Chom Klau*<sup>1</sup> *Chau Yu Hoa*. When the present ruler of Siam succeeded to the throne, he set himself to schemes of reform, so far as in him lay: he strove to encourage the arts and sciences, as his sire had done, and followed out Western ideas as far as possible. He enjoyed nothing better than to get hold of an intelligent European and ply him with questions leading up to the subject of the improved government of Siam. In the beautiful "King's Garden" at Bangkok I have seen a sun-dial, astronomical instruments, etc., sent from Europe by order of his majesty, and used by him with great regularity as well as with an intelligent interest. Bishop Pallegoix taught him Latin.

The Siamese crown is a heavy jewel-encrusted affair, rising to a point, conical-shaped, and weighing four pounds.

According to the law, it is death to the man who has the temerity to place the instrument of death in the hands of his King. In other words, supposing that the monarch, becoming enraged with a courtier, commands the executioner to bring him the sword (which is equivalent to issuing sentence of death against that unhappy courtier), it is *kismet* to the headsman if he obey. At all costs he must fail to "catch the Speaker's eye," must conceal himself as best he can.

Most of the royal functions and grand ceremonials may be said to have had a religious, that is Buddhistic, origin. Thus, Mr. Curzon reverts to an amusing incident that happened one time when a travelling circus visited Bangkok. The proprietors of the *cirque* had largely advertised a "sacred white elephant" as included in the list of their attractions—when lo! to the horror and indignation of the Siamese audience, an elephant painted white

<sup>1</sup> This should be Klao.—P. S. C.

literally "from stem to stern" was introduced into the arena! Everybody knows now that no such phenomenon as a quite white elephant exists, or ever has existed, save in the imagination of the credulous.

To return to the Palace and its environs. One of the most striking features presented to the gaze of the visitor, who of course is only permitted to see as much as they care to show him, is the temple of the Emerald Buddha, which bursts upon him so soon as he is past the agglomeration of pavilions, trees, gardens, monstrous and unsightly effigies, that serve as a kind of introduction to the wonders beyond. Many and various have been the theories put forth by sceptics concerning the structure of this "Emerald Buddha," which—as though to evade too close scrutiny—is elevated at a great height above the floor of the *wat*. To be sure, the Siamese themselves aver that it is no more nor less than one splendid great emerald, and we are well assured that it has stood here for more than one hundred years, having been brought from the Laos country by the then Siamese King. Be this as it may, be it of jasper or porphyry, it is held in the utmost veneration by all.

Passing by the numerous other Buddhas of pure gold, which he views with diminished interest after being shown this Emerald Buddha, the visitor is next ushered into the Temple of State, where every six months his vassals swear allegiance to their ruler. Here, too, is deposited the enormous cabinet of ebony and mother-of-pearl containing the sacred books of the Buddhist creed. Farther on, again, will be discovered two huge Halls of Audience and the Throne Room, and near by the stables of the white elephants. The King's own "chapel" within the Palace is necessarily a highly interesting and costly edifice. Amongst the innumerable Bangkok *wats*, the one known to Europeans as "the King's Temple" is of surpassing interest. From its summit, which rises amid a cluster of verdure on a hill top, may be obtained a magnificent bird's-eye view of the city. Wat Kayon is another elaborate temple, justly celebrated for its marvellous strange-eyed monsters.

The Royal Museum incorporated by King Chulalongkorn with the assistance of several English and German scientists, which has only been open to the public a couple of years or so, is situate within easy distance of the Palace walls.

Returning to the lower portion of the town for a moment, we find the Custom House, a really splendid building, as well as the English and

German Clubs, grouped together near the different Consulates. A new and far superior English Club is now in course of construction. Just below the Legations and hotels, a turn of the road brings us to Bangrak, a long straggling road mainly peopled by the more disreputable members of various nationalities, both European and native. Off Bangrak, which continues to run parallel to the winding river, lie the offices and wharves of the agents of large British shipping firms. I have been surprised to note that whereas Bangkok, despite all the drawbacks of its harbour bar, boasts excellent wharf accommodation, the same is entirely wanting at Crown Colonies like Penang and—except as regards the essential arrangements for the great ocean steamships—Singapore.

At Sapatôme "proper," a broad, not unpicturesque table-land partially cultivated with the inevitable paddy, a mile or two out of town, are some rudely constructed rifle-ranges, used far more by Englishmen than by Siamese. In this vicinity one can occasionally enjoy good snipe-shooting. A secluded spot a mile or two away is utilised as an execution ground; but under the existing *régime* the death sentence is rarely carried out. Lotus-flowers are dotted about the stagnant pools which border the road for miles; and at Sapatôme is situate a lotus-garden, long cruelly neglected. There are other rifle-buts at a place called Sala Deng.

Bangkok now supports no fewer than three English newspapers (despite the small number of Europeans), in addition to a journal printed in the vernacular. Of these, the "Bangkok Times" is the subsidised organ of the Siamese Government; while the "Siam Free Press," directed by an Irishman of French proclivities, persistently advocates the claims of France upon Siam. These papers are both bi-weekly. Quite recently opposition has entered the field in the shape of the "Siam Observer," published daily, on independent lines; and since the proprietor is diplomatic enough not to systematically condemn Siamese institutions, as well as to reproduce the pith of yesterday's news in the vernacular, the native population subscribe extensively to him.

The national mode of salutation strikes you as a little singular until you are accustomed to it. It consists in joining the finger-tips together immediately in front of the forehead, at the same time inclining the head at an angle of forty-five. Kissing is unknown.

PERCY CROSS STANDING.



## OUR MODERN STRONGHOLDS.

THE greatest stronghold in the world is in the city of London, and its name is the National Safe Deposit. Few of those who know the Bank of New Zealand by sight are aware of the immense fortification on which it rests, the mediæval massiveness of which is incredible to those who have not seen it, or read about it in technical treatises.

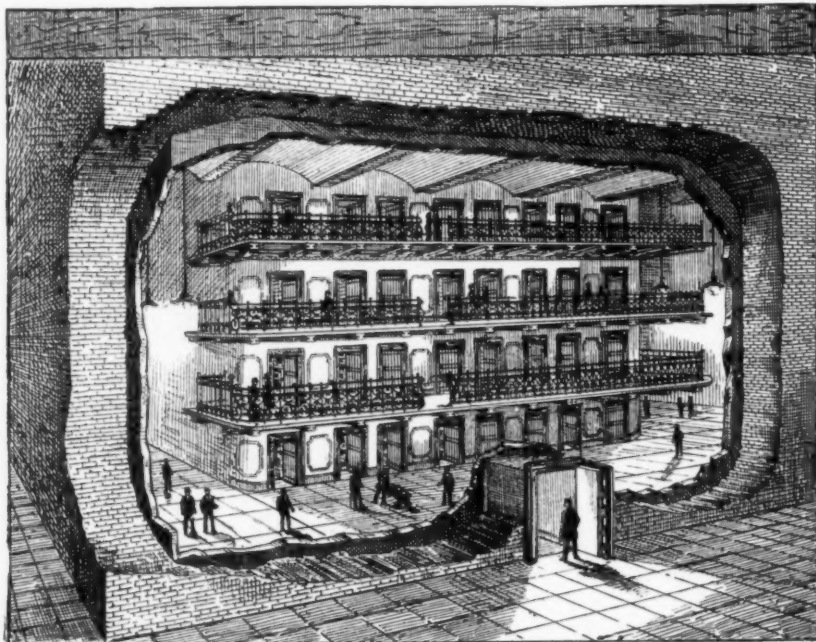
As befitted a fortress, it was built by a Royal Engineer ; and this particular sapper, having a free hand with the money, took very good care that his professional reputation should not suffer. Cost was no object to him, and it seems never to have entered his mind, for he succeeded in spending nearly a quarter of a million. His instructions were to build a stronghold with a margin of security. "The margin is overdone," say the experts. But that the margin is there, there is no doubt whatever.

In the first place, he dug out the whole area for his intended building to more than seventy feet below the roadway, and all over the floor of that huge chasm he laid a solid bed of stone and concrete six-and-twenty feet thick—that is to say, about the height of an ordinary two-storey house. The site is a triangle, with a thoroughfare on each side—an island, in fact, which he considered required further isolation. Mining from below, he stopped by his gigantic concrete floor ; mining from the sides, he stopped by erecting around the frontier of this floor a wall from ten to fifteen feet thick, built of bricks and coated with armour-plates ; and on

this he put a roof eleven feet thick, made of girders, concrete, and bolted iron slabs. On this roof comes the building, which is of unusual strength and the prominent feature of the street.

Do not suppose that this huge chamber was the strong-room. Nothing of the sort ; it was merely the *enceinte*, so to speak—the curtain or outworks of his castle within which he proposed to put his "keep." This keep he built in the middle of his floor well away from his outer wall, so that it stands up clear of everything, a mass of blue brick-work, three feet thick, four storeys high, lined outside with firebrick, and inside with cast-iron plates four and a half inches thick, chilled on one face and having embedded in them a peculiarly tough network of strong interlaced wrought-iron bars. In this keep he put his strong-rooms, eight of them on each storey, each room having but one door, and these doors opening on to a gridiron gallery, all on the same face, so that as you stand within the shell the keep rises in front of you with its four galleries and thirty-two doors, all visible at once from top to bottom and from end to end.

It may be thought that these doors are the weak points in the citadel. Perhaps they are—but wait a little. There are two doors to each room, an inner and an outer one. There is the wrought-iron grill, with lock and key and all that sort of thing, and there is the real front door, which has no lock or key, but is a solid mass of metal ten inches thick, and tough and hard enough to resist fracture, the drill and the blowpipe, and yet planed so smooth



UNDERGROUND CHAMBER OF THE NATIONAL SAFE DEPOSIT.

and true that each strong-room is not only thief-tight and fire-tight, but water-tight. This heavy door is worked by hydraulic power, and the whole thirty-two can be worked together, so that by merely touching a button every strong-room in the block can be closed in ten seconds; and furthermore, the whole space around the keep can in a few minutes be flooded with water from floor to roof, and yet the inside of the strong-rooms remain dry.

These strong-rooms are really roomy cellars, alike in size and structure, all with floors as thick as the outer wall—that is, all but the lower set, which, as we have seen, have a base twenty-six feet thick. They are divided up with shelves and partitions of thick boiler-plate, and into these inter-spaces the 20,000 strong-boxes are fitted; so that, even should the outer shell be forced and the keep entered, there still remain the safes to be dealt with. There is but one way through the outer shell, and that is the door in the fifteen-feet wall, which cuts the stronghold off from the office you see as you enter from the street level.

Within the shell is a hydraulic lift and double sets of engines for pumping, for ventilating, and for driving the dynamos for the electric light; so that the fortress is self-contained and has only to be provisioned to stand a siege. The most striking thing about it is perhaps the arrangement for its flooding. During the Commune the officials of the Bank of France set to work throwing sand down into their vaults to protect them from fire, and to cause delay in getting at the treasure should the mob have obtained possession of the building; but the sand took almost as long to put in as it did to take out, whereas this water-bath device is always within the control of those who know the taps. The fortress is, in short, said to be impregnable, burglar-proof and bomb-proof—proof, in fact, against everything but treachery among its officers, which, however, is guarded against by elaborate precautions.

It was built in 1872, the first of our Public Safe Deposits, but by no means the first to come into existence. The idea would seem to be an American one started at the time of the Civil War, when, owing to a succession of bank robberies, the banks refused to take care of their customers' valuables. One of the banks referred its customers to its porter as willing to accept the risk. He for a small sum took charge of the boxes and safes, and made a fortune by doing so, and this suggested the deposit companies, which at first erected very ordinary buildings with glass windows through which the armed guard could be seen patrolling night and day. These companies, being successes, had their imitators, each promising greater security and stronger buildings than the other, so that now in all the chief cities of the Union there are two or three, all of them reasonably strong but nothing like the fortress in our Queen Victoria Street; and the custom has become as general as subscribing to the newspapers.

It has many advantages. For a guinea a year you have your own safe, of which you alone hold the key. You can visit your valuables as often as you like in the daytime, but each time you go you have to be identified, and are never left unattended

while you are in the strong-rooms, where you are practically a prisoner until it pleases the officials to set you free; such precautions being necessary for the good of all. In these places hundreds of cash boxes are now left every night and taken out again next morning; jewel cases, plate chests, even portmanteaus, are taken care of for a small charge, and complete responsibility assumed for their security.

The National Safe Deposit is not the only one in London. There is another at Winchester House, there is a small one in the West End, and there is a well-known one close to the Law Courts. This is the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit under New Stone Buildings, which now extends underground almost into Holborn. This was opened in 1885, and though it has not the enormous margin of security found in the one we have been describing, it is practically impenetrable, and quite as strong as any of those in America.

It is one of the sights of London, which many see and which all should see. There is nothing gloomy about it below, it being singularly bright, cheerful, and airy. Its arrangements are familiar enough from its many advertisements; a succession of roomy corridors all on one floor, with the strong-rooms leading off, each room with a mirror at the end to brighten it up and make it seem double as long as it really is. On either side of these rooms are the safes, fitting into iron pigeon-holes, safes in enormous numbers, each room shut off from the corridor by a grill and a steel door of the usual type, weighing a couple of tons. Each door is fitted with a lock controlled by a clockwork arrangement which can be set to keep the door shut and unassailable by the key for any given number of hours. In this way the rooms are safe even from the patrol who are on the march along the corridors all through the night; and as the clocks run for forty-eight hours, they cover the Sunday, which is, of course, the critical period in the operations of the burglar.

There are four main strong-rooms, which are said to weigh 500 tons and contain 5,000 separate safes. They are built on iron columns so as to be isolated all round in order that the patrol may control them on all sides. In addition to these, there are separate strong-rooms, one of them rented by a well-known American millionaire who apparently thinks his valuables will be safer on this side of the Atlantic than on the other.

In addition to these, there are a number of the usual writing-rooms and waiting-rooms, for these safe deposits are often used as offices or clubs; many people have their letters addressed to them there, answer them there, receive their visitors there, the rent of their safes giving them all these privileges, including the use of the telephone. These are, however, merely developments: the chief business done is with the safes and strong-boxes, and the success of the whole enterprise hinges on the security offered, which is not only dependent on the strength of the structure and the honesty of the attendants, but on the arrangements for supervision and identification which make it impossible for an outsider to obtain access to the inner citadel.

W. J. GORDON.

## OLD MAIDS AND YOUNG.

BY ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING,  
AUTHOR OF "IN THOUGHTLAND AND IN DREAMLAND," "ORCHARDSCROFT," ETC.



MRS. ARCHDALE LEARNS WITH ASTONISHMENT THAT "IT IS NOT JOHN" TO WHOM BRIDE IS ENGAGED.

### CHAPTER XXIX.—BRIDE VISITS NURSE BARRE IN HER KITCHEN.

THE news of Rotha's success as a student had reached her friends in Marseilles; Bride carried it to Nurse Barre.

"The top of the morning to you, and I bring you news, Nurse Barre."

She walked into Nurse Barre's kitchen, and seated herself there on the one low chair. Nurse Barre was slicing and sluicing cabbages, and went on with her work. Her kitchen had not changed in fifteen years. The bright morning sun—the same that had shone into it on that bright morning on which Rotha had read Deuteronomy chapter fourteen, and had painted Caithness with raspberry jam—still shone on it, flooding, as then, with light the large neat room, fragrant, as then, with that

great fragrance that is in morning air, which falls upon things clean and sweet. Nurse Barre was her old self grown older—indeed, grown very old. Her hair was white as whitest linen, and over all her face was written in sad letters, "I had liefer to rest me than to be lady of all the world." But she went on slicing and sluicing cabbages.

Only turning half round, she answered Bride's greeting. "Good morning, Miss Bride, I'm glad to see you; and what's your news?"

"The best in the world, Nurse Barre. Rotha has done great things, and is an M.A. You don't look half excited enough."

Nurse Barre refilled with water the row of basins before her. Bride came nearer.

"I do like that plash of water, Nurse Barre. What a jolly bath they're getting, and how lovely they will taste! I'm going to stay and eat some

of them, if you'll let me have them with you. No, no; I won't have a table laid for myself."

Nurse Barre had remonstrated mildly. "What's an M.A., Miss Bride?" she now asked.

"Master of Arts."

"Tut!" Nurse Barre dropped an uncut cabbage into a basin, and sent a shower of silver spray about her. "How can a young lady be a master, Miss Bride?"

"I don't know; but she is. They've made her one in London. Oh, Nurse Barre, what a head she has! I feel that I am so stupid."

"Head!" The old, cracked voice had much impatience in it. "You're always talking of Miss Rotha's head, Miss Bride." Nurse Barre lifted the dripping vegetable and proceeded to quarter it. "The head"—she looked critically at the head in her hand—"may be the most important thing about a cabbage, but I've yet to learn that it's the most important thing about a young lady. You'll do better than Miss Rotha, without setting up to be, God bless us! a master, which is the same as calling herself a man. How's your grandpa, miss, and how's your ma?"

"They're very well, thank you, Nurse Barre." Bride's voice trembled a little. The transition from sharp epigram to kind inquiries was rather sudden.

"An' how's Mrs. Archdale and Mr. Rowan?"

"They're well too, I think, thank you."

Nurse Barre walked over to the fireplace.

"Is it true, Miss Bride, that Mr. Rowan is going to leave us?"

"I don't know. He has been offered some post out in India. They have given him five months to think over whether he will accept it or not, and he says he will not make up his mind till the last minute."

"That's foolish, to my thinking."

"I wish you would tell him so, Nurse Barre."

"I mean to. Have you any news from Lord Warham and Mr. Searle—*Doctor*, I mean—Miss Bride?"

"Oh, yes. It's through Lord Warham that Rowan has been offered this post out in India."

"When are you going to be married, miss?"

"I don't know. When the five months are up, if Rowan decides to go, Lord Warham is coming with Dr. Searle to stay on a visit with Mrs. Archdale. Rowan will then have a month before he need start. We shall be all the old set together, for Rotha is coming to spend a month with me."

"Does Mrs. Archdale still not know of your engagement, Miss Bride?"

A guilty face gave answer, and Nurse Barre clasped her hands.

"Oh, my dear young lady!"

"Well, you see, Nurse Barre, Rowan won't hear of her being told. He says it would upset her; I don't see why it should."

"Nor do I. Your grandpa knows, I hope, miss?"

"No." The blush on Bride's face deepened. "I dare not tell my grandfather, for he would go straight to Mrs. Archdale and tell her. I sometimes wish, Nurse Barre, that I was like Rotha, with no one in the world to control me, and with thousands of pounds to control. Mrs. Archdale

says all day long, 'How nice if Rowan and Rotha were to make a match of it!' She never mentioned Rotha till she came in for this inheritance. I know I'm saying horrid things; I can't help it."

"Best speak of something else, Miss Bride. How is Dr. Searle doing?"

"Oh, very well, I believe. He's always studying eye diseases, and making wonderful cures."

"A kind gentleman!"

"The kindest in the world. Lord Warham writes that his life is spent among the poor, and that all his gain is only honour. How nice it must be to have a grand, high nature like that, and to find all one's happiness in doing good! I do wish I could give up Rowan, and take up with an ideal."

"I don't quite follow you, miss. Are you comfortable on that chair?"

Bride was sitting on a chair placed sideways, and as she spoke she bent it back. The pose did not look comfortable, and Nurse Barre appeared to think that physical discomfort might be at bottom of this lamentation. The girl had sufficient sense of humour to laugh softly. There was still much childishness in her face, which had altered little from what it had been when the blind boy Osborne had passed his hand over its prettiness, and had given as his verdict that it was "a jolly little face." The brown eyes had a deeper meaning in them, with something of that sadness that is in brown eyes that gain meaning, and in all Irish eyes. The curled lashes, little tilted nose, and round small chin were pretty as in olden days, and the dark rebellious hair still fell in curls on neck and brow, though it was not now short, and was bound up and back, and fastened with a riband and many pins, and two fierce darts, and three or four small combs—all this in an endeavour to meet the approval of Mrs. Archdale, whose animadversions on untidy hair had been reported by Rowan, well-meaning, if not, perhaps, very manly in this matter.

CHAPTER XXX.—LORD WARHAM AND DR. SEARLE ARE VISITORS AT THE VILLA EUGÉNIE.

THE five months given to Rowan to make up his mind as to whether he would, or would not, accept the position offered to him in India, as a mining engineer, had passed, and a letter accepting the position had been at length despatched. Having taken this step, Rowan Archdale was sitting with the two friends of his boyhood in his mother's drawing-room. There was a silence among the three men that might have meant the pleasantest of relations, but that, in point of fact, was the result of a perilous state. Rowan was lounging in an easy-chair, while at some distance from him Osborne and John were seated together on a couch. Of the latter two John looked the older. He was twenty-nine, and his friend was thirty-two years of age; he looked thirty-five, and his friend did not look thirty. Rowan, slight and smooth-faced, might, at first glance, have been mistaken for a lad of eighteen; but closer scanning led to the discovery that this boyish-looking person had a keenness of glance, and a shrewdness about his mouth, arguing an acquaintanceship with men and things that a lad of

eighteen has not, and that some men of twenty-five have not. There was much cleverness in this face, and the fine, wide brow and distance between the eyes gave it a pleasant openness to those who did not notice the closeness of the small mouth and a lack of many things good in the weak chin. John Searle noticed this, and glanced from the face of Rowan Archdale to that of the blind dreamer at his side, wondering, with something of a woman's vexation, why Bride, being loved by both these men, preferred to go to farthest India with Rowan Archdale to sharing his lovely home in England with Lord Warham. Something in the frank, quiet glance of the latter, a look that is much in the faces of those with whom, if wisdom, also folly is at one entrance quite shut out, more than ever struck him, and his heart warmed towards his friend much as it had done when the friendship between them had begun.

When the silence had reached that tension that will scarcely be borne, Rowan sat up with an ironical smile.

"We're talking too much. Suppose we go down to the garden, and join the girls under the trees. I'm feeling awfully bad, to tell you the truth, because—well, Bride and I have at last made up our minds that my mother must be told of our engagement."

"Who is going to tell her?"

John spoke.

"Bride."

"Why don't you tell her yourself?"

"Because Bride proposed that she should do so—Doctor."

John winced, but forced a laugh.

"Sorry I spoke."

"Don't mention it."—Rowan's manner became more and more insolent—"Might I suggest again that we join the ladies in the garden? Do you care to come, Osborne? Here's my arm. Go on, John, and we'll follow."

"Thank you." Osborne took the proffered arm; then, speaking in a low voice, he added, "Just try to be a little more civil, old fellow, won't you? You were a very small boy when we were big ones. There was no need to jump on John just now."

"No. I'm vexed with myself that I did it. Take care! There's rather a nasty step here."

All flippancy had gone from the voice, which was very gentle and kind. The step was slackened, and no woman could have guided the blind man more tenderly.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.—BRIDE BRAVES MRS. ARCHDALE.

WHEN the three friends reached the garden, they found Rotha alone. She was reading. John approached her first.

"Book interesting, Miss Rotha?"

"Why do you call me Miss Rotha, John? It's a yellow-back, and, well, the usual thing—*Miss frowned and blushed and then was married.* I read the beginning and end of it some time ago, and was just going to glance at the middle; but I shall like much better to talk to you. Take that seat, and tell me all about your work at—is it Whitechapel?"

"No, it isn't Whitechapel, Rotha"—John laughed—"and here comes Rowan with Osborne, so we won't talk about my work, please. Where's Bride?"

"She has gone off with Mrs. Archdale to her own garden. They are still in sight. Don't you see them?"

John saw them. Some minutes afterwards they were lost to view, as they roamed down a long avenue of trees.

"Well, my dear Bride"—Mrs. Archdale seated herself as she spoke—"suppose we sit down here."

Rowan's mother had become a little short-breathed with the years. She was very stout, and less comely at four-and-fifty years of age than a woman who had been so very pretty at six-and-thirty should have been. Time had played havoc with the dazzling skin, the bright hair had grown dim; and a towzle of forehead fringe vulgarised the face.

"Let me tell you," she added, with an expansive smile, "that I know what I am going to hear from you. You are engaged."

Bride looked surprised.

"Have you known it all along?" she asked.

"No. Thank you, my dear" (Bride had found her a footstool). "But I've known it for a week, and I'm heartily glad of it. A girl like you Bride, ought to marry. If she doesn't, she becomes one of the Onlys."

"I—I don't think you understand, Mrs. Archdale. . . ." Bride paused in great embarrassment. An unpleasant feeling that Mrs. Archdale was possessed of a mistaken notion was taking hold of her.

"My dear, I've lived longer in the world than you, and I know heaps of the Onlys. The number of them is legion. They are the people whom one invites to dine 'quite quietly,' to whom one writes on one's common note, to whom one is never at home. They are the people of no consequence, and when they find that out . . ."

"I know! I know! The hearts of them take fire. Mine would if I were one of them, poor, dear, unmarried things! I never meant to live unmarried, Mrs. Archdale; from the time I was only so high I pictured myself with a plain gold ring on one finger, happy and glorious."

"My dear, what a shocking confession!"

The Irish eyes twinkled, but only for a moment, then they became very grave again, and Bride asked:

"Do you know all, Mrs. Archdale?"

"I think so. Dearest girl, he is very, very, very much in love."

"And you are not angry, Mrs. Archdale?"

"Angry! I'm delighted. It's such a romantic match. A brilliant match is seldom so romantic, and it is a very brilliant match, my little girl."

"Are you thinking of—of Osborne, Mrs. Archdale?"

"Of course. It isn't John, is it, Bride?"

"No. It isn't John."

Bride looked straight before her, and wondered at the hollow sound of her own voice.

Mrs. Archdale rose, panting.

"I hope, my dear, that I'm not going to hear

something very absurd. You don't mean me to understand that you are engaged to my son, Rowan, do you?"

Her 'son,' Rowan. All the Celt in Bride rose in indignation at this one word. Why was he her 'son' Rowan all of a sudden? For a moment the girl was dumb with anger, then she said quietly enough—

"I do mean you to understand that, Mrs. Archdale."

Mrs. Archdale laid her hand on the back of the bench for support.

"Then let me tell you, Bride, that you are thoroughly selfish and heartless. For a fortnight past you have given Osborne every appearance of encouraging him."

"I haven't. I know Osborne well, and we are the best of friends——"

"Friends! I haven't common patience with you. The friendship between a man and a woman is always on one side only." (Mrs. Archdale had not learnt even the rudiments of statics, or she would have known that a statement thus worded was open to criticism.) "Friends! Osborne is as plainly in love with you as, if you care to hear the simple truth, Rowan is with Rotha."

If Mrs. Archdale had hoped to crush Bride with this last remark, she was doomed to disappointment. The great rudeness of it brought for a moment a flush to the girl's face, and she experienced the deep and terrible surprise that is experienced by them who for the first time come to learn that passion knows no ladyhood. Mrs. Archdale walked away, leaving her to ponder on this thing.

CHAPTER XXXII.—BY A POND'S SIDE.

ON Rowan's approaching with Osborne, Rotha and John had risen, and the four stood together, talking, until Rowan suggested that they should walk about.

John gave his arm to Osborne and stood back for Rowan and Rotha to pass, the narrow garden-path's allowing of only two abreast. They walked on till they reached a pond. Rowan, who usually led the talk, appeared to have lost the power of speech. Rotha did not help him, and, every moment making it more difficult to break the silence that had fallen between them, both gazed into the small sheet of water before them. A pond is one of the most interesting of studies, and with a microscope much entertainment may be got from a scrutiny of the floating vegetation, the larvæ, snails, isopods, and what-not in the form of swimming things, that go to make up pond-life. To the natural scientist every stone by a pond's side, every bit of wet brick and wood, of submerged tree-root and dank grass, becomes fascinating. A person with a pond-stick may spend happy hours by a pond, but a person without a pond-stick, and without a microscope, and, above all, without any turn for natural history, is not likely to derive great pleasure from nearness to one, and this couple, Rowan and Rotha, gazed into the small body of water at their feet with eyes as blind as seeing eyes can be. Not that they did not feel some pleasure. To Rotha it was a keen happiness

to be with Rowan, and Rowan, in the brief period of a fortnight, during which he had, it must be admitted, daily seen Rotha and seen much of her, had come to feel a growing pleasure in her society, which was accompanied by a waning pleasure in the society of Bride. There are people to whom a treasure dearly bought becomes doubly dear, and there are those to whom a treasure so bought loses all its value. The knowledge that his marriage with Bride would meet with angry opposition made Rowan contemplate it with daily abating pleasure. He told himself that this was wrong, and told himself that it was wrong to pay to Rotha the marked attention that he was paying to her. He was aware that Osborne loved Bride, and that Rotha was loved by John. If Bride were within a week's time to have become the wife of Osborne, and Rotha immediately afterwards to have married John, it would not have cost him any pang. He would willingly have been best man to both the bridegrooms, and a cheerful wedding guest. But it was plain that he was the preferred of both these women. His vanity was flattered, and what was best in him was perhaps not called forth. He found it at the present moment inexpressibly difficult to inform Rotha of his engagement to Bride.

"What are they doing?" Osborne asked of his friend. John pulled up short.

"They are pond-gazing. Oz, I'm a brute, I know, but I wish he were married to Bride and with her in India."

"I wish so too, John," was the quiet answer. "She would never have me, and I think it hard that he should play fast and loose with both of them."

"Which do you think he will marry, Oz?"

"Why, Bride, of course. Rotha wouldn't marry him."

"Are you quite sure that she wouldn't?" John asked, forcing a smile.

"I am quite sure that she won't. I made him promise me yesterday that he would tell her of his engagement to Bride."

"How do you get him to do these things, Oz?" The smile on John's face deepened.

"By very simple means. I told him that I would tell Rotha if he did not—told him that he was acting the part of a scoundrel. I think he agreed with me that he was. He said he would tell her to-day. He is telling her now, I suppose. Let's walk on, John. I don't feel that it's fair to watch them."

"No, no, of course not."

They walked on.

After a while Osborne turned to his friend.

"Well, John, what's the thought?"

"I was wondering why women always like cads."

A bright smile passed over the blind face.

"Are you sure that we two are heroes, John?"

"No. But I'm very sure that we're not cads. Archdale's a cad, and always was. I remember him as he was years ago, a little tell-tale, sneaking——"

"Come, John, you're getting violent. Let's keep to the abstract and impersonal. I don't agree with you that women always like cads."

"You don't know women. How should you?"

You live in a set where you now and again meet a person who never lets you see herself, who babbles of topics of the hour, and leaves you to make room for another person who does the same thing. You see ladies, you never really see women."

"If it comes to *seeing* . . ."

A great sadness crept into the voice, and the sentence was left unfinished.

"Of course it comes to seeing," John answered bluntly. "You can't pretend that you don't see better than most of us. I never knew that I was half a mole until I met you."

"Well, well, to return to the women that I had based my notions on." The voice had regained its cheerfulness. John was the only one of his acquaintance who always spoke to Osborne as if speaking to one with sight, and the blind man felt less blind with him in consequence. "You know that I have sisters, John."

"Fine ladies, like the others."

"Come, no woman is a fine lady to her brother, and these women are very simple, all four of them."

"Yes, yes, I know, with that simplicity that very fine ladies have. It's no good talking, Oz, you don't know women. If you lived in my place you would come to know what they are, and what they really like and don't like. They have an immense liking for cads, and a fine fellow is always at a disadvantage with them when pitted against a scamp. They prefer to marry pitiful creatures, and, what is odd, they make them better wives than they do good men. That's a fact, Oz. I have built up a philosophy on it."

"Is your place the best in which to build up a philosophy?"

"I think it is. Botanists don't make their studies in greenhouses, I believe, and nothing will convince me that the proper study of mankind can be made in drawing-rooms."

"But these women must be pretty different from Bride and Rotha."

"Very different—in details. All main features, I believe, they have in common. One gets to know more about the greenhouse flower from what one knows about the weed. Forgive my speaking in metaphors, but"—he looked at his friend with a smile—"I want, as far as possible, to keep to the abstract and impersonal. Not that I feel I'm succeeding in doing so. Oz, old chap, we're out of it, and it's precious hard on us that a man who doesn't care a rap about two women that are all the world to us should pick and choose between them. Let's sit down here and talk of something else."

They sat down, but, as might have been expected, nothing else suggested itself as a subject for conversation.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.—STILL BY A POND'S SIDE.

HOW long Rowan and Rotha would have stood by the pond's side, uttering not a word, it is impossible to say. The spell that held them silent was broken by the approach of Bride. She

had evidently been crying, her colour was heightened, her eyes were hot and troubled, and her lips worked like a child's. She looked less pretty than Rowan had yet seen her look; she was dressed without taste in russet-brown, and a russet-brown hat was crushed too low on her face. Her heavy gait, and the limp arms hanging at her side, told all that had to be told. As she walked towards Rowan, her brown eyes were fixed on his, that answered their gaze with a coldness which he felt numbing his heart. Beside him stood Rotha, whom he had never seen look so well as on this day. She was bareheaded, and the strong light had caught her hair, brushed back from brow and up from neck and rolled to a golden coil where queens wear crowns. There was no trouble in this pure, pale face, and there was infinite grace in the well-carried figure. How pretty, too, was her dress! Rowan looked at it, not for the first time, with great liking. It was a little fanciful—an untrimmed violet gown, low-throated and long-skirted,



"YOU HAVE TO CONGRATULATE US."

and matched with violet shoes. A silken girdle of the same colour, knotted loosely, broke the long folds that fell about the wearer in such softness as to define quite clearly her figure. There was no whiteness at her neck or wrists, except that of a singularly white throat and whitest hands, which took a greater brightness from the dimness of the gown. She wore no brooch, no ornament of any kind; there was no ring upon her hand.

This style of dress, new to him, gave Rowan a keen æsthetic pleasure. Mrs. Archdale did not like it; she said that it was "silly," and of course there was not much wisdom in it. How much wisdom there was in the very different, highly

ornate style of dress worn by herself, one would not like to have to say; or how much wisdom there was in the very different and terribly dowdy style of dress worn by Bride. Rotha's gown, perfect in colour and in line, made her a thing of loveliness, and, in that respect, might be considered to meet one grand requirement. Seeing her very plainly, while not looking at her, and noting that her face remained unchanged, Rowan, after the manner of all Alexanders, cut the knot presented to him to untangle. He had drawn Bride's arm through his, and now said—

"You have to congratulate us, Rotha."

There was a moment's silence, then the answer came in that clear, brave voice that was Rotha's—"Believe me, I do so," and a hand was held out to Rowan, and a kiss was given to Bride. The grip of the hand was strong, and the kiss of the lips was tender, and the full morning brightness fell about this woman whose face was lifted to the light, and had no sorrow in it, but that great happiness that there is in the knowledge of great strength.

Rowan was taken aback. She had then never loved him, and he had fatuously imagined that she had. It was very humiliating. He pondered on the humiliation of it till his attention was drawn to Bride.

"Comfort her, Rowan: she is very unhappy about something."

So saying, Rotha walked away.

The next to speak was Bride.

"Say you hate me, as your mother does!" she said. "Let us break it all off!"

The words were spoken in a voice harsh with passion, and brown eyes flashed through tears at Rowan.

"*It all*"—was the long engagement between these two. Rowan, as a youth of twenty, had won the promise of Bride, then a girl of eighteen, that she would be his wife. For six years their troth had been plighted. Let all now be broken off! It could be done, but it could not be done on the part of Bride without anger and grief. She was an Irishwoman, with a hot heart that showed in burning eyes and burning cheeks. She could not smile with her heart breaking: she was too childish, perhaps too unheroic. We are not all Greeks, whatever our poets may say. Some of us are Gaels, and it is not given to these to wear a face of happiness when in great misery. For merriment they have laughter, and they have tears for grief. Bride's eyes were blind with tears.

"Oh, come now, my dear girl, you are really very absurd."

Rowan could not have chosen words more unfortunate. They were reminiscent of his mother, and the tone in which they were said was reminiscent of his mother. Bride brushed the tears from her eyes as a boy might do.

"Don't call me 'my dear girl,' please. You're not my grandfather, and I'm not absurd, not in the least absurd."

That it is not in the least absurd is what the whole Irish nation is always trying to impress upon the whole English nation. So far it has not succeeded in doing so, the ineradicable habit with

Saxons being to class as absurd what does not fall in with their views. Rowan did not offer to retract the word.

"Where are you going?" he said, as Bride moved away.

"Home."

"May I go with you?" He did not wait for her answer, but walked beside her. "See here, Bride, you cannot seriously imagine that I want to break off with you. You don't think me such a cad as that, do you? I never expected that my mother would approve of the marriage, but I will talk to her, and make things plain. Now is all right?"

They were under trees, and he bent and kissed her as he spoke. His voice had become very tender; he held her two hands in his. They were small, passionate hands, and his were large and quiet, matching his large, quiet forehead and calm, truthful eyes. All seemed right to Bride.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.—A GRACEFUL SURRENDER.

MRS. ARCHDALE was one of those women who will stoop very low to conquer, but who, when conquered, can bravely straighten their backs. As long as there was one means, fair or foul, by which she might avert her son's marriage with Bride left untried, she was resolved to try it, and effect, if possible, his marriage with Rotha; but when her son made plain to her that to marry Bride was his firm intention, she accepted the inevitable, not only with fortitude, but with grace. She helped in the somewhat hasty arrangements for the wedding, and her first words to the bride on its completion were: "You looked charming, my dear, and well, I always liked you better than Rotha. You know that."

Bride did know that. She had never for a moment, while the possessor of cool reason, wavered in her conviction that what Mrs. Archdale preferred in Rotha was a thing not so much likeable as useful, a thing lying outside its owner and which she, Bride, had she possessed a rich grandfather, might have come to own no less than Rotha. She was aware that Mrs. Archdale did not approve of young learned women. She thought many things about them unfeminine—to mention only one, their use of terms distinctive rather than generic. Where she talked of a dog, Rotha talked of a mastiff or spaniel, as the kind might be. Mrs. Archdale did not think this quite nice, she said—she couldn't tell you why, but she didn't, really. Then this young clever person had no command of periphrasis. A thing that you might have called a verbal extravagance was at once a lie. She was lacking in all the graces of speech. Boiled mutton was boiled mutton to her, and hash was hash. To Mrs. Archdale boiled mutton was stewed lamb, and hash was mince. The young clever person would look very sarcastic at this. Not so Irish Bride. Was not St. Pat a gentleman? and how should then an Irish girl not show sweet courtesy?

Bride's brown eyes remained quite grave when Mrs. Archdale called boiled mutton stewed lamb.

In anger Bride had said that Mrs. Archdale hated her. It is the nature of anger to deal in words of the kind that Bacon, writing of anger, calls "aculeate," and the truth is rarely in these. In that moment of great bitterness, Bride may have believed that Mrs. Archdale hated her, but it was a conviction that could not abide with her. She was aware that this worldly, rather foolish lady, liked her greatly, though disapproving of her for a wife for her son; and so she returned her kiss, if not with any great warmth of affection. This did not surprise Mrs. Archdale, for she had a theory that Irish girls are not really affectionate, that they are pleasant but shallow, that they lack soul.

Just behind Mrs. Archdale and waiting to kiss the bride there stood, talking with Rotha, a very striking-looking woman. Her features were perfect, the nose straight, the mouth quiet and beautiful, the brow broad and framed with soft, bright hair. The eyes of this woman were deeply blue, her complexion was very delicate, and her face most soft in outline, while without roundness. Her age might be five-and-forty. All over her face and in her eyes there was a trouble which was not sorrow and not petulance, not *ennui*, but perhaps perplexity. The brows were lifted in a chronic surprise that had something of remonstrance in it, and the pretty mouth was tense. With all this, there was a great kindness in the face, and pitifulness; the smile that came and went was serious, if a little mocking and very doubtful. Mrs. Hale, for it was she, was talking, and her voice was low and liquid, a very Irish voice. She talked abstractedly, and stopped before completion of one sentence and began another, as if a little bored by this great trouble of having to speak in complete sentences, and always, rightly, counting on boundless indulgence in her hearers. Rotha looked at her with frank admiration in her eyes, while with difficulty checking smiles that rose at the unfinished sentences and the unaccountable distress in Mrs. Hale's face as she said:

"This is a very happy day for me, for they have been lovers very long, and——"

She did not even embark on a new sentence, but stopped short. Some moments after, she was kissing her daughter, and Bride's arms were thrown about her neck.

"My own darling mother!"

No quite soulless person could have put into these childish words the world of love that was put into them by Bride. Looking into her mother's face till longer looking would have led to a break-down, she said, with sudden banter:

"Do I look 'charming,' dear? and do you 'like' me—just a little?"

Her mother laughed softly. The notes of quotation were not lost on her.

"Ah, what are you talking of, Bride?" she said; and added, her sweet laughing mouth growing serious, "This is a very happy day for me, my child; you have been lovers so long, and——"

She kissed again brow and cheeks of the girl, and did not finish the sentence. It would do duty a few times more. As far as it went, it was a very good wedding-day sentence; probably no one would hear it completed.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.—NEWLY WED.

"WELL, John"—Osborne spoke—"so now they're married, and will be off to India the next thing. What makes them do so differently from other people? They should have started on their journey to-day, instead of starting to-morrow. I shall be very glad when they're off."



"I SHALL BE VERY GLAD WHEN THEY'RE OFF."

Osborne, who liked to read at a window, with, as he put it, the light upon his book, as he said these words, glanced up from a heavy work printed in Braille type which he had learnt to handle, and over which, while reading, he bent, as if his blind eyes helped his seeing hands. John, who had been walking restlessly up and down the room, pulled up short.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that you haven't heard that Bride is not going to India?"

"Bride not going to India!"—Osborne shut his book—"What are you talking about, John?"

"I'm simply saying what I know to be a fact. Bride is not going to India."

"Since when this, John?"

"She told Rowan of it before the marriage."

"What did they marry for, then?"

"Can't say. Perhaps Rowan thought it must be now or never; perhaps she did. They haven't taken me into their confidence, Oz."

"Was she"—Osborne spoke slowly, his face growing more and more perplexed—"afraid of the journey?"

"She says so, and Rowan thinks she shows poor spirit."

"How do you know that, John?"

"He says so."

"Did he say so to you?"

Some dryness had crept into Osborne's voice.

"Yes."

Osborne was silent, and John continued—

"They will have a week together here in Marseilles. After that he goes to India for three years. Commend me to matrimony beginning like that!"

"She'll go after him, John."

"He thinks so. I don't."

"He can't come back to her."

"He can throw up his work, and I believe that's what he will do, Oz. He'll find out his mistake when he's out there."

"I doubt it, John. I doubt that he will turn his face home one second before his time is up. In his way he's a man of his word."

"In his way," John repeated ironically. "Yes, John, in a literal sort of way. I have been thinking about him in the pauses of fingering this—which might, by the way, be worth printer's ink, but which isn't worth brass-embossing—and I remember that he was always like that. When he said that he meant to do a thing he did it. He did it at times ungraciously, but it was done. The last thing is on a par with all the rest. He plighted troth with Bride, and—he has married her. He has arranged to go to India for three years, and, if I know him at all, he will stay there for three years. The man, I have made up my mind, is what the boy was. He had a little mouth as a boy, John, but it was a hard mouth."

A strange look came into Osborne's face. Blindness had made a keen physiognomist of him, and he seemed in thought to be passing his hand once more over the face of Rowan Archdale.

"Well, if it was a hard mouth then, it's harder now," John said, with emphasis.

Osborne looked up with a bright smile.

"Come, be fair to him. What has he grown to be like? Is he not very handsome?"

"Well, yes, he is," John admitted. "He has one of those faces you look at twice—a tremendously clever face it is, and handsome too; oh, yes. I say, Osborne, is it true what I hear about his father?"

"Depends on what you hear, John."

The dryness of the tone was lost on John, who went on rapidly—

"I tell you, because I'm told that the rights of the story are known to you, and I'd like to be able to contradict it if I could, for Bride's sake."—Osborne coloured hotly, but said nothing.—"They tell me that he got into some hideous scrape through gambling, and—well, forged a cheque in Fleetwood's name on a bank with which he knew Fleetwood had an account. The firm, however, was suspicious of the cheque, and communicated with Fleetwood. . . ." (he stopped suddenly, surprised to notice no change in the face before him).

"Is it possible that all this is true?"

"Yes. Something like that happened. It seems to me, you know, that the affair lay between him and Fleetwood, and—" (a curiously mystical look passed over the blind face) "that it lies between them still. What Fleetwood did is this: He sent him the money, and more along with it, and told him to pay his debt and start afresh. It seems Fleetwood had a theory that a man could always

start afresh, if only another man would give him a hand, and folks would hold their tongues. If a few more men would take up the notion, the world would be a better place; but one and another had to talk, until the thing got wind, and was blown about everywhere. The poor fellow died of it."

"Why didn't he ask Fleetwood for the money?"

John's face had great vexation in it, at this lamentable deviation from rectitude.

"Can't say. Some crank in him. He's dead, John."

John winced, and was silent for a time; then he said thoughtfully—

"Very hard on Rowan."

"Oh, I don't know that"—again the bright, happy smile lighted up the blind face—"The day has gone by, I think, when a man was judged by his father. We stand or fall by ourselves now. I'm not a democrat myself; but I don't fancy that I want to know a man's family history before making up my mind concerning him. I'd trust Rowan, from what I know of him, as much as any other man."

Rowan at this moment entered the room. He was certainly very tall and handsome, and, with his wide, quiet eyes, was oddly ideal-looking for a man who never read poetry, to whom the finest thing in the world was the Forth Bridge, and the greatest couple of men of all time the designers thereof. With Rowan Archdale engineering was a passion. His Utopia was one where steam-power was the reigning power, and where all things ran on iron rails. He had a deep contempt for timber, balanced by a profound respect for stone, brick, and plate-iron. A country's dimension was reckoned by its mileage of railway and tunnelling; it lifted him up to know that in England we have a hundred and odd miles of tunnelling. A visit to London was a round of visits to the stations of London, with delighted lingering at King's Cross Goods Station, a never-to-be-forgotten place, with its receiving offices, its coal depôts and wharves, its engine-sheds and repairing sheds, its stores and stables and granary, its hydraulic cranes and weighing-machines, its engines, tenders, workshops, tanks, its carts and hoppers. He would tell you, as soon as the shock at your ignorance had subsided, what hoppers were, and would patiently explain to you the gestures of those two mysterious arms, a semaphore's. He would make of himself a semaphore, and place himself at danger and at caution for you to understand. On starriest nights, if near a railway station, he looked no higher than the lights, white, blue, green, red, that twinkled in mid-nearness. On the point of going to India, he knew so little of that country's history as to maintain that the greatest event in it was the building in 1853 of the section of railroad which was the beginning of the Great Indian Peninsula railway. The superior greatness of England to that of her great colony was accounted for to him by the circumstance of India's having, with an area some ten times as large as that of the parent country, hundreds of miles less of railroad.

"Well, Rowan," John said a little acridly, "already separated after—how many hours is it?"

The engineer took out his watch.

"We were married at eleven this morning. It is now one minute past four o'clock."

"And where is Mrs. Archdale junior?"

"At this precise moment she is in the room next to this, with Mrs. Archdale senior." Rowan laughed lightly. "How glum you two are! You've not been married."

"Come, Rowan," Osborne exclaimed, "don't talk like that."

John added, "I thought you and Bride were staying over at the other villa."

"So we have been. They've given it up to us, and Mrs. Hale has come over here with the old doctor. But we've got a week before us, and we don't want to spend it in an unbroken *tête-à-tête*. I suggested to Bride our looking in on you, and—well, here we are. It's—er—my mother's house, and I hope we're not unwelcome."

John's face crimsoned.

"No, no, no; but you take one by surprise; Edwin and Angelina were not like this."

"No, perhaps not, but then you see we're not Edwin and Angelina.—Here comes Rotha with Bride." Bride" (he turned to his wife), "they thought they'd got rid of us for a time, and have given me a very cool reception. Tell them that I shall be off to India next week, so they might as well treat me kindly while they have me."

Bride laughed—a joyless little laugh enough. She noticed that, even while Rowan was talking to her, his eyes kept straying to Rotha, with whom he now began talking. Rotha, with those whom she liked, was a good talker, a charming listener, and—thing pleasanter to a mechanic than either of these—a shrewd questioner. Rowan's talk with her was of no sentimental nature, but ran on his pet themes, and not for a moment did the keen blue eyes which were lifted to his betray, as certain soft brown eyes did always, that of all themes in the world the very least interesting to the owner of them was engineering.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—MISS ONORA AND MISS MARIABELLA ON THE EVE OF ROTH'S RETURN FROM FRANCE.

AN old lady and a lady no longer young sit in a small cosy room with hands in their laps. Shadows and light are masterly; details are microscopic; there are colour and glow and nature and life in this picture of an interior, which might be Dutch, but is Kentish; which might be painted, but is real. It is chilly weather, and a bright fire throws red lights about the room; it is evening, and a small lamp burns, but it is turned low, and gives scarce any light. On the window-sill without a robin red-breast sings tsik! tsik!—a cold, hard little note. Passing over the roof, some crows caw, and a cricket chirps from the grate. The ladies hear nothing of this, but sleep on. Eight o'clock strikes. The pigeons next door come home to roost, and coo in concert—"worse than cats," Susan says. Nine o'clock strikes, and every noise ceases; the redbreast has gone from the window-sill, the crows are beyond the city walls, the cricket has ceased to chirp, and the pigeons are fast asleep. Then the older lady wakes

suddenly and completely, as old ladies do, draws closer about her a little grey shawl, screws the lamp lower still, and looks out of the window. It is a windy night, such few leaves as have still been left on the trees flutter out of them like startled birds, and a frightened moon very high in the sky is flying before the clouds which follow her like hounds. The white-faced lady in the window takes greater whiteness from the moon. With the yellow light of the lamp upon her, she did not look like this.

The younger lady wakes, not all at once, but as younger ladies wake, opening eyes and shutting them, opening mouth and shutting it, and looking very sleepy.

Miss Onora draws the blind and turns up the lamp.

"What sort of a night have they for their crossing, Onora?"

"There's a bright, beautiful moon.—Supper, Susan, please, and the draughts."

Supper—two glasses of milk and two water-biscuits—is brought, and the draughts are put out. Miss Onora draws the black man, and plays first. Miss Mariabella looks a little disappointed, for she likes to draw the black man and play first. Miss Onora does great things in the first game. With an ease that is quite astounding her men leap over Miss Mariabella's, and make their way to the opposite side of the board, returning crowned with double powers which enable them to clear the board in a twinkling of Miss Mariabella's men. Miss Mariabella keeps her temper, and the men are changed, but the same thing happens in the second game. Miss Mariabella nearly loses her temper, but is prevented from doing so by the truly heart-struck manner in which Miss Onora, as general of the white men, marches them across the board to victory and crowns, just as she had marched the black men.

The draughts are put up by Miss Onora. The winner of these two always puts up the draughts, and sets the room to rights, the loser being, it is assumed, not in the mood for occupation of this kind, whereas the winner, thus employed in doing something, is bound to have less an appearance of elatement than if she were to sit still, trying ever so hard not to spread herself out like a peacock.

Miss Onora pushes the supper-table back to its place in the corner, folds up the antimacassars, pins silk handkerchiefs round two charming statuettes on the mantelpiece, lifts the bigger lumps of coal out of the grate, rolls back the rug, lifts the corners of the table-covers, pins up the ends of the curtains, turns small pictures on their faces, and then, while Miss Mariabella stands in the doorway, turns down the lamp and blows under the chimney three or four times, till the light no longer plays about the wonderful old face, but jumps up and out. Then Miss Onora goes to Miss Mariabella in the doorway, takes from her one of the two candles which Miss Mariabella has lighted and holds in readiness, and they kiss and say good-night, Miss Onora's gentle eyes saying "Sans rancune," and Miss Mariabella's pretty eyes saying "Bien entendu." They say this in

French because eyes speak generally a foreign language, French or German or Japanese—not just the language spoken by all the lips about.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—MISS MARIABELLA IS ENLIGHTENED ON THE SUBJECT OF DIDOT.

MISS ONORA in the sitting-room in the evening and Miss Onora in the bookshop in the morning were two very different persons. Miss Onora in the sitting-room in the evening was inclined to be sleepy, but Miss Onora in the bookshop in the morning was very wide awake. A letter on the breakfast-table having announced that Rotha and Bride would not arrive in Canterbury until the afternoon, Miss Onora quietly set about her morning's work. A new batch of novels had arrived, and she glanced through them.

"Now that's a person who should write ghost stories only."

This was said as she rose to serve a customer with a quire of note-paper.

"Why, ma'am?" he asked.

He was a plasterer, and would have delighted the eyes of Bottom the Weaver, so much plaster and loam and rough cast was there about him "to signify wall."

"Because, Morris, headless human beings are all very well in ghost-stories, but they're out of place in novels. That's what some of our novelists of to-day don't seem to me to remember."

"Perhaps not, ma'am. Thank you."

The simple fellow was pleased at the lady's expounding her views to him.

"I've never read a novel myself," he added, "exceptin' one by Mr.—if he isn't Dr.—Besant"—with a pause here for information on the precise title of the gentleman in question.

"He's Mr. Besant, Morris."

"Thank you, ma'am.—It was called—well, now, what was it called, to be sure?"

"All Sorts and Conditions of Men,' perhaps," Miss Onora suggested, smiling.

"That was it. I'll tell you what I thought of that book, ma'am. That's what I thought of it. Perhaps you take my meaning, ma'am."

Miss Onora would have been very dense if she had not taken his meaning.

There are faces which seem made up of odds and ends of other faces. The eyes in these do not seem to belong to the nose; the nose and the mouth do not fit one another. Several types are seen in different parts of these faces, and the result is something which has no beauty, unless it be what an American subtly calls "the beauty of ugliness." Such a face was that of the man Morris. It was not uninteresting, but even in repose it was singularly unbeautiful. At the moment here under consideration—that in which Morris gave expression to his opinion on Mr. Besant's work—the face was not in repose, but was pulled to a wonderful and fearful grimace, the result of eyes, nostrils, and mouth being all suddenly distended in the direction of the ears. The face seemed to shorten and widen, all longitudinal furrows vanished, and lines of latitude crossed it from forehead-hair to chin-stubble, as close together as lines in music-paper.

One might have judged the man to be in excruciating pain, but that the distorted face fairly shot out light. A double fist was brought down on the counter while the grimace was at its height. It was not brought down quickly, or with noise, but slowly, with no sound whatever.

"I take your meaning, Morris, and I'm quite of your opinion," Miss Onora said, laughing.

"Then there's no more to be said, ma'am, and it's so."

Two choice minds like his own and Miss Onora's being at one on the subject of a work of fiction, it was evident that Morris considered all that other critics might have to say as immaterial. He took his handkerchief from his hat, and wiped with it such portions of the counter and the floor as were in his near vicinity: this not so much because they actually needed it, as that it was a courteous habit with him. Bits of plaster and loam clinging to a man's dress frighten ladies, but when they see that the man has the means and the will to rectify any harm that he may do, they are bound to be set at ease.

"Good morning, ma'am," he said pleasantly, as he left the shop.

"Hillo!"

The exclamation came from a rather exquisitely dressed youth, who entered the door so suddenly as to collide with the workman.

"Beg pardon, sir, but whose fault is it, sir?" Morris said, not quite able to check a smile as he went out.

"I say, Miss Onora"—the youth with a dismayed look placed himself in fullest evidence—"do I look as if I'd walked into a lime-pit?"

"Well, no, but you'll need a brushing. You'll find a brush over there."

"Thank you. Nothing to reflect oneself in here, Miss Onora, I suppose, not even a running brook?"

"No, not even a running brook. I'm very sorry."

"You don't look it! you lack heart, Miss Onora. Now what I want is a rattling good book to read on a coach—a short thing—a shilling dreadful is what I'd like best. What's this about?"

"Well, it's a shilling dreadful, and the usual thing, misunderstanding, murders—'wi' mair o' horrible and awfu', which even to name wad be unlawfu'."

"Bad book?"

"No. Not a bad book of the kind. I think *the kind* bad."

"You do? Well now, I think I like the kind. I'll have a look at the book, please."

Miss Onora passed it to him.

He glanced through it.

"No, no; loathly" (putting it down). "What's Stockton doing?"

"He has just done this."

"Well, I'll have it. Good morning, Miss Onora. By the way" (this in the open door), "my sisters want to know when Miss Fleetwood is coming back."

"To-day."

"Thanks. Look out, my man, and don't walk over me. This is the second time I've been telescoped to-day, Miss Onora."

The first part of this speech was directed to a pinafored person aged about three, who walked straight on, as children of this age have a habit of doing, assuming, very correctly, that other walkers, seeing that their firm determination is to swerve neither to this side nor to that, will make way for them. This considerably shortens the road for babes.

Taking not the slightest notice of the young man's words, the child walked on to Miss Onora, and put a ha'penny into her hand. This was not a gift, as Miss Onora knew. The child wished to make a purchase, but had forgotten the name of the commodity of which he was in need. This thing happened so often in Miss Onora's experience with children, that she was not surprised. She seated the forgetful one on the counter, with his feet up, and named every article which she had on sale for the sum of one ha'penny, of which he might be able to make use. He sat with one thumb in his mouth, and his expression did not change, as he gazed gravely, but quite unthinkingly, at his feet, which were encased in small, rusty boots, into which his socks had vanished. The complete vagueness of his look might have had a depressing effect on some people, but Miss Onora remained quite cheerful, naming one article after another. When she had named some twenty articles, every pencil being named according to the colour of its enamel—thus, a black-lead pencil enamelled green was called a green pencil—she had an inspiration, and said—

"Can it be that you want a beautiful long piece of twine, Alf—of red twine?"

Alfy's rusty shoes thumped the counter (Miss Onora promptly laid hands, not violent, but gently repressive, upon them); he took his thumb from his mouth, and made a sound which Miss Onora called "chorkling," a cross between a chuckle and a laugh, very cheerful.

Miss Onora unwound yards of beautiful red twine, put them into a piece of silver paper, and stowed the gleaming parcel away in a diminutive pocket under the pinafore. After that, she lifted Alf down—she did not kiss him; she was not one of those people who kiss all little children; and Alf walked straight to the door and against it. He had not yet learned that the great difference between bodies animate and inanimate is that the former sometimes have that special form of nobility which consists in obliging, whereas the latter never have it. Miss Onora considered it time for the young being to come to this knowledge, and consequently had let him walk against the door. She now rose and opened it for him.

Then she went back to her seat; and then this happened. She did not sit down, but, going away from the seat again, walked round and round her shop, looking at the books in rows and piles, and the papers in layers and packets, and the pens and the pencils in boxes and bundles, and the pictures, and texts, and mottoes, not in admired disorder, but in most admired order; and she did this going round and round till her head swam and she had to sit down, and then there passed before her eyes a procession made up of tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailors, gentlemen. All these had come to buy

and chat. She saw them plainly passing in a long file before her, and yet she did not see Miss Mariabella who stood not three yards from her. Miss Mariabella came into the shop once every day, and directing a look at a certain shelf asked gravely—

"Are Didot and Virgil still there, Onora?"

Miss Mariabella had never realised that Didot was the publisher of this edition of Virgil, and Miss Onora, impelled, I fear, by no sublimer notion than mere waggishness, had never tried to make her friend understand this thing.

"Yes, Mariabella," she would say to Miss Mariabella's daily question, and that lady would go on her way contented. On the present occasion the question had been put as usual, but no answer had been given to it. Apparently Miss Onora was in distress. You don't stare straight before you and not see your best friend in the world when all is right with you. Miss Mariabella went to the shelf and read the titles of the old books—not that some of them were very old, but they were all time-dimmed and lovely. Many among them were choice editions of the authors in question, and all of them were early editions. With her bright eyes lifted—she wore no spectacles—and brought as near as possible to them, Miss Mariabella could read quite well the dimmest titles, and she read them aloud, the long list beginning with "*Lettres d'Abeilard et d'Héloïse*," and ending with "*Virgili Opera*."

"Onora!"

Miss Mariabella's voice became terrible, and Miss Onora was called straight back from dream-land.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, startled.

"Have you sold—Didot?"

"No."

Now if there was one thing in the world that Miss Mariabella abhorred more than another, it was a deviation from truth. For a full moment she was too much shocked to speak; then she said, herself heart-struck at the icy tone of her voice—

"Onora, I think less of you. I have looked on the shelf, and it is full, but Didot is not on it. I think less of you."

The iteration of the words "I think less of you" may look nothing in print, but, as said in a hollow tone by Miss Mariabella, they sounded terrible. Miss Onora walked up to her, and then and there explained how Didot and Virgil were bound up together.

It has been said before that the course of true love did not always run quite smooth between these two—that neither of them was made of that good, but rather cloying thing, golden syrup—and that there were times when this became evident. Miss Mariabella at times annoyed Miss Onora, and Miss Onora then showed that she was what she called "pained." At times, also, Miss Onora displeased Miss Mariabella, and Miss Mariabella then showed that she was what she called "surprised." Neither the pained state nor the surprised state lasted for long, however, for both ladies had hearts too good for anger to abide in them; and though Miss Mariabella, finding that she had been duped by Miss Onora in the matter of Virgil and Didot, left that lady with some indignation in her

face, she had not reached the top of the stairflight which led from the shop to the sitting-room before her mental balance was restored, and she returned and said to her friend, who was still walking about among the books—

"You needn't think, my dear Onora, that I'm going to let them persuade you to give up this place. If they want to be chaperoned over at the big house—*Susan* may chaperon them!"

This was what Miss Onora called "talking wildly." Miss Mariabella was given to talking wildly where Miss Onora was concerned. When, some hours after this had been said, *Rotha* arrived with *Bride*, and broached the subject of their all migrating to the Red House, as Colonel Fleetwood's house was called, Miss Mariabella explained that this migration could only take place if the shop continued as before, and so the proposal that it should be sold was dropped. Miss Onora and Miss Mariabella took up their abode at the Red House. But Miss Onora Warwick, bookseller, did not cease to exist. On sunny days Miss Onora walked to the

bookshop, but on days dark and drizzling she was driven there by Martin's brother, Job, the coachman, who curled his lip a little at the exceeding absurdity of this thing—the driving all in a chaise and pair to her shop of a person who sold paper by the pennyworth and was at the beck and call of folk no grander than himself. Miss Onora saw the hollow look upon Job's face and sympathised with him, thus deeply shocked in his conception of the fittest. Nothing would induce this functionary (Job was emphatically a functionary) to drive up to the door of the shop. Like *Mistress Gilpin's* hack, his carriage was pulled up "three doors off"—a thing this which incensed *Rotha*, whom, however, Miss Onora would permit to make no remonstrance, because she said that a little thing like this gave her food for merry thought through all a dull forenoon. Indeed she never left the carriage without directing a smile at Job, refusing to be snubbed, though he gazed straight before him and away from her with the expression which, put into words, becomes *O tempora! O mores!*



## Life's Pilgrimage.

### I. TOGETHER.

MY friend, if I should lay my hand in thine,  
And give myself away in love to thee,  
Wilt thou but take to grant yet more to me,  
Like Him who once turned water into wine;  
Thy spirit breathing courage into mine,  
Thine eye discerning truths I dimly see,  
Thy guiding hand through each perplexity,  
Holding aloft the lamp, the light divine?

Strait is the Gate and Narrow is the Way,  
Few they who find and many they who roam.  
Oh! when my wand'ring feet would go astray  
Back to the path of duty bid them come.  
So when day breaks and shadows flee away,  
May thou and I at last be safe at home.

### II. ALONE.

But as one held by visions of the night  
Sadly awaketh from a dream, I know  
Not ours in coming years to travel so,

Together through the darkness or the light;  
Down the deep valley, up the towering height  
Where amid pastures green still waters flow,  
Or where no living thing can thrive and grow,  
Through deserts dread or gardens of delight.

Lonely and long the journey, yet complain  
Nor murmur will I, or in cold or heat;  
If thine be songs and sweetness, mine the pain,  
Of briars and thorns, torn hair and bleeding feet,  
What will it matter, when once more again  
Some day, somewhere beyond the stars we meet?

KATHARINE B. S. WILLS.

## THE PEOPLES OF EUROPE.

HOW THEY LIVE, THINK, AND LABOUR.

### SECOND SERIES.—GERMANY.

#### IV.

##### SHIP-OWNING.

**I**N Germany agriculture is not extending, but ship-owning is. During the last few years there has been a great increase in its coast population, and their seafaring employment. The chief ports are Hamburg, Stettin, Bremen, Dantzic, Lubeck, and Kiel—especially Hamburg, where the docker earns about threepence-halfpenny an hour. The canal worker is on a lower level than ours, and the canals are not as many as they might be, for their navigation is of great importance for the cheaper conveyance of heavy things which do not require rapid transit. Berlin receives most of its raw material by canal, but probably its prosperity is in a great measure due to its position on a navigable river between the Elbe and the Oder, on the road from Frankfort to Magdeburg.<sup>1</sup>

##### THE CONSCRIPTION.

Berlin, like many other German towns, has its own gasworks and waterworks, and will doubtless take over the tramways and electric lighting as soon as the concessions expire. Its citizens are proud of the numerous unpaid public offices they are called upon to fill; though the German is rarely backward in undertaking municipal service. The whole nation is so influenced by the conscription that he is not likely to forget his duty to the State or his duty to the town. The conscription bears hard upon the educated, especially upon the students, who can, however, serve for one year as volunteers and postpone their turn until their twenty-fifth year; but it is not without its value to the nation at large. The common soldiers derive some educational advantages from their three years' service, for they are taught order, cleanliness, and

punctuality. The men, accustomed to hard work, can generally stand fatigue well. Most of them are dismissed after two years' service if they have proved well-behaved and intelligent. Ambition and patriotism are feelings which become strongly developed, and facilitate the carrying out of the military system. No German ever dreams of rebelling, in spite of the often shameful treatment of soldiers by their superior officers.

##### DOMESTIC GOVERNMENT.

The domestic government varies in each different state. Village communities have at their head a burgomaster, mayor, judge or prefect, or else there is a council or magistracy, members of the local councils being elected by the parishioners for a



TOWN MOURNER WITH CHILD'S COFFIN.

<sup>1</sup> The following summary will show the location of German industries: "The greatest number of factories are in Rhenish Prussia, Silesia, Saxony, Franconia, Thuringia, Wurtemberg, Westphalia, Brandenburg. There are fewest in Mecklenburg, Schleswig-Holstein, and Southern Bavaria. Coal and iron are chiefly found in Silesia, Westphalia, and Rhenish Prussia. The chief industries are: linen-weaving in Silesia, Westphalia, Saxony; woollen and cotton goods in Prussia and Saxony; silk fabrics in Rhenish Prussia, Crefeld; leather and artistic goods in Rhenish Prussia, and Hanau; iron and steel manufactures in Prussia; china in Saxony, Prussia, and Bavaria; paper in Prussia and Saxony; glass in Prussia; gold and silver goods in Berlin, Hanau; wooden tools and toys in Bavaria and Saxony; chemicals in Bavaria, Saxony, Baden, Prussia; watches in Baden; surgical, musical, and optical instruments in Nuremberg and Munich; hardware, pencils, and gingerbread in Nuremberg; sugar in Saxony, Anhalt, Brunswick; tobacco in Bremen and Hamburg; beer in Bavaria; brandy in North-eastern Germany, where there are also numerous iron and steel factories, iron, copper, and steel forges, straw and artificial flower factories, and other works."

certain number of years, or being appointed by Government. The electioneering system is greatly varied. In many districts the right of voting depends on the position of the electors as taxpayers,

the especial interests of landholders being taken into consideration. The Government has the right of dissolving these representative corporations, and of ordering new elections. Local councils are conducted like parliamentary sittings. According to the latest laws they are independent and can levy special taxes, Government control being only exercised with regard to important financial operations.

#### TAXATION.

The recent Taxation Reform Bill has produced great changes in the general system of taxation. Since the declaration of a person's income has become compulsory, there has been an important increase in the State revenue, viz. from forty to forty-four million marks. The declaration is kept secret, and a breach of this duty is punishable by a fine of 1,500 marks, or three months' imprisonment. The communal taxes formerly amounted to a certain percentage of the Government taxes (in Berlin 100 per cent.), but they have now been diminished. Two of the most unpopular taxes are the inhabited-house tax and the income tax, which latter is particularly hard on unfunded incomes.

Reforms are being carried out or projected in all directions. The Press is busy discussing the Prussian Three Class Electoral System, which is intimately connected with the taxation reform. The new income tax tends towards the abolition of this system, which would, however, be opposed to conservative interests. According to the existing system, electors are divided into three classes with regard to the taxes they pay, so that a large estate-owner who is in debt has a better electoral right than the solvent proprietor of a small estate; also those whose names occur first in the alphabet have an advantage over others.

#### SOCIALISM.

The Socialist movement has entered upon a more tranquil stage since the abolition of the Socialist law. Last winter the demonstrations of the unemployed were confined to riots excited by tramps and vagabonds rather than demonstrations by regular workmen. In spite of the differences of opinion which exist within their camp, Socialists may always be relied upon when the elections draw near, for they set great value upon the position they have obtained in Parliament. Their efforts to improve the condition of the labouring classes have already proved successful. In a measure the desires of these Democrats and of the Liberals meet, although the final aim worked for is very dissimilar. The philanthropist wishes to inculcate the love of learning for its own sake, whereas the Socialist mainly desires to spread such works as bear out his own theories, and will accept no kind of compromise. Democrats do not recognise the many conditions that prevent the discussion of religious or political questions in polite society. Their favourite authors are Renan, Strauss, Haeckel, Darwin, and Herbert Spencer. Their native Radicalism is very different from that professed by many of the most educated men. We hear, indeed, of professors and men of letters who hold decidedly liberal views, yet

would not express them in their families, and educate their children according to Church principles. There are some even who require that their wives should make active profession of a faith they themselves do not believe, and yet withhold from these same wives all intellectual culture as "unsuited to women-folk."

Notwithstanding all the Emperor's efforts, a religious spirit has not grown up in Germany; it is still the land of free thought or religious indifference. Since Sunday closing has been made obligatory, the public-houses are more frequented—that is the only difference; probably because the working classes have never been accustomed to attend church regularly, which seemed to them a recreation for the rich only. Among the upper and middle classes there is a marked increase in the religious spirit; and in Germany many halls have had to be rented for Divine service owing to the overcrowding of the churches. The Emperor is anxiously interested in the construction of new churches for the capital, and contributions to that end flow in generously from all sides.

#### WOMAN'S WORK.

German conditions are exceedingly unfavourable to woman's emancipation. School teachers are the only women whose position is anything at all like that of men, while in Government schools they are seldom allowed to teach in the higher classes. They may become head-mistresses of private schools, but the Government only recognises men as directors of public institutions. To acquire a university training women must go abroad; the German universities are rigidly closed to them. There are very few women doctors; in 1885 there were only three in the whole empire. There are more lady dentists; in Berlin there are six American graduates and nineteen uncertificated lady dentists. Still, as compared to the number of men who enter these callings the quantity is *nil*. In Germany women will always have to encounter one great obstacle, namely, the overcrowding of all professions, especially medicine. The number of doctors is quite out of proportion to the population. The training of nurses is furthered to the utmost degree in patriotic and clerical circles, but in all other departments the work of women is discouraged. Women are only employed by the Government in telegraph and booking offices, and even there somewhat unwillingly.

#### NATIONAL COSTUMES.

Since railroads have penetrated into the remotest parts of Germany a desire to travel has made itself manifest even in distant villages, and many customs have been introduced which were unknown in the good old times. A love for fashionable attire has followed as one of the factors of civilisation. Formerly a peasant woman carefully kept her wedding-dress, which did duty on all solemn occasions for all her life. But now she cares for nothing but stylish new gowns. The disappearance of national costumes is perhaps a triumph of the more modern cosmopolitan spirit, but the clinging

to the convention, to the customs of the fathers, had its good side as well as its bad. In a few places costumes still linger; in Mecklenburg, for instance, there is a trace of national garb left in the shape of becoming caps. The vegetable and flower vendors in Hamburg still wear a most quaint and pretty costume. Also in the Bavarian Highlands in the men's attire there is left a vestige of the old sumptuary laws, and the same can be seen in the island of Rugen. National costumes are rarest in the north. On the whole the poorer classes ape the fashions of their wealthy superiors, who in their turn faithfully copy French patterns.<sup>1</sup>

accept everything as inevitable. Lately there has been more scope for free development, but it would be unreasonable as yet to look for results. At present very much depends on the personality of the Emperor. The German constitution admits of both absolutism and a Parliament, and public opinion is not strong enough to shake off the old fetters of subservient obedience. Thus, as the fate of the nation depends on one personality, the issue of many events is uncertain, and all manner of political surprises may be in store for Germany.

And how about the people itself—the nation?—it may be asked. Here we should like to point



A GERMAN ART STUDENT.

#### DIVERSITIES OF CHARACTER.

A picture of the present is too varied to be reviewed in a few words. When Bismarck ruled the inner politics, the Germans were accustomed to

out a philological distinction. The first word designates a social, the latter a political entity. The German nation may well be proud of its position in Europe. Still, in itself it is by no means firmly fixed, and party contests are rife. Every small State, every province, every town has its peculiarity of local patriotism. A conspicuous example of this was offered at Hamburg during the late cholera epidemic. A feeling of bitterness against the rest of Germany showed itself in spite of the help sent to the unfortunate town. The reason was that when it transpired that the town itself was to blame for the spread of the pestilence a very general feeling of indignation broke out in the Empire. This animosity was not only caused by the existing circumstances, but to a certain extent because Hamburg has always considered herself

<sup>1</sup> The system of societies, clubs, etc., has attained enormous dimensions in Germany. The Berlin Directory devotes twenty pages, divided into four columns in fine print, to their enumeration. The "Kriegervereine" (war clubs), of which there are over a hundred in Berlin alone, bear an especially national stamp. They arose out of the spontaneous patriotism of 1870-1872 and 1864, and their object is to unite all former soldiers in true comradeship. This great Kriegerbund is composed of 2,099 smaller societies, with 157,721 members, and in 1884 it became united to 400 Prussian societies of 75,431 members. In spite of their patriotic principle, these societies have lost their liberty of action by restrictive laws. They are not truly popular, on account of their political party spirit and want of tolerance. The freedom of public meetings is only restricted with regard to political clubs.

vastly superior to the rest of Germany. There is more resemblance between a Hamburger and an Englishman than between a Hamburger and a Prussian. Indeed, these vast differences of character between one portion of the Empire and another make it very difficult to give a correct general impression of Germany as a whole. Thus, Saxons again are entirely different from Prussians, Wurtembergers different from Saxons, and so forth. One thing in which all non-Prussians agree is a very general dislike of Prussian rule. However, these provincial differences do not affect the people and their social life. Of recent years the upper classes manifest a laudable desire to teach the lower classes, to set aside class prejudices, and to

put themselves in more human contact with their less fortunate brethren. The middle class as yet remain impassive to this movement, probably because they have neither time nor means for ideal and philanthropic enterprises. What Germany most needs is an advancement of the middle classes, which always form the basis of a nation's prosperity. There is no lack of ability, of strenuous and high qualities in this people. It is rather the opportunity to develop them that they lack. A few years of assured peace, a little less militarism, a little more humanism, a return to the better traditions of the land, and there is every prospect that Germany, which has become a powerful nation, will also be a happy one.

---

## TWO MEMORABLE DAYS IN PATERNOSTER ROW.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ISSUE OF THE REVISED TESTAMENT AND OF THE NEW REVISED BIBLE.

MUCH has been written on the Revised Version of the Bible, and on the contents of the book, contrasted with the Authorised Version. No full account has hitherto appeared of the circumstances connected with its actual publication, and of the scenes attending the first issue of the New Testament to the public, on May 17, 1881. The publication was a feat altogether unparalleled in the history of the press, and the desire for possessing early copies of the work was intense beyond imagination.

The revision of the New Testament was commenced on June 22, 1870. It was upwards of ten years before the Revisers brought their labours to a conclusion. The Old Testament was not finished till four years later.

Long before the completion of the New Testament, the curiosity and anxiety of the public had been raised to the highest pitch. It was evident that the demand for the work would be prodigious, and preparations were made accordingly on a scale wholly unprecedented. It was soon found that the University Presses of Oxford and Cambridge, which were charged with the publication, would be taxed to the utmost, and far beyond their usual resources, to provide copies in sufficient numbers to supply the demand.

The greater strain fell upon the Oxford University Press, as the larger and more widely known institution of the two; but both presses were kept at work day and night for many weeks, at the highest possible pressure. In anticipation of this gigantic work many hundreds of tons of rag were consumed in making paper at the Oxford University paper mill at Wolvercote. When the sheets were printed the work of binding was enormous, and the labour was much increased owing to the fact that a large proportion of the copies had been ordered in morocco. The resources of the Oxford University Binding House in Aldersgate Street were inadequate to cope

with even a tenth part of the supplies required in leather bindings. All the leading bookbinders in London were pressed into the service, while hundreds of thousands of copies were bound in cloth in Edinburgh.

During the whole of the period of preparing for publication, while the sheets were being printed, folded, and bound, the utmost watchfulness was necessary to prevent copies getting into unauthorised or improper hands. Not only had the University Presses to be guarded against keen home publishers, but against American firms, who sent over their "smartest" emissaries to get hold of early copies—by fair means or foul. The greatest vigilance had to be maintained, and the sheets were carefully counted, and watched as jealously as if they had been bank-notes.

One enterprising American went to Oxford. He managed to become acquainted with a foreman at the works, and offered him 2,000*l.* for an advance copy. The answer of the foreman was that the honour of the Oxford Press was as dear to every workman engaged there as to the delegates themselves, and that the sooner the tempter left the premises the safer it would be for his own person and the better for all concerned! At one moment consternation prevailed, owing to the discovery that single copies of several consecutive sheets were missing. They were traced to one of the folding-girls, who was compelled to deliver them up. It was suspected that the same disappointed New Yorker had tried to get a part when he saw it was impossible to secure a complete copy.

Foiled at Oxford, he thought of attempting one of the Revisers, for they were sure to have proof copies at their homes. He went down to Scotland and called on one of them, begging as a great favour to be permitted to see a copy. The reverend Reviser pointed to a volume on his writing-table, but refused to allow his visitor to handle it or open

it. He went away, and got a dummy volume prepared, exactly similar in outward appearance, but made up of blank paper. He called again, at a time when he knew the doctor was from home, in the hope of being able to stealthily exchange it for the coveted volume. But a daughter of the house accompanied him to the library, and would not leave him for a moment alone with the volume he was so anxious to possess.

Of other attempts there are records, and it is said that as much as 5,000*l.* was offered for an advance copy, with the significant assurance that no questions would be asked. It is certainly a surprising thing that all these efforts were unsuccessful; and it is highly to the credit of those who resisted temptation, seeing that copies passed through the hands of so many thousands of British workpeople.

Thus, with ceaseless labour and careful vigilance, the work proceeded. All this time orders continued to pour in at the Oxford University Press Warehouse from every part of the world where the English language is spoken. The most strenuous efforts were made to meet the demand, and printers, bookbinders, and packers were working night and day. Early in April Mr. Frowde had to give notice to the trade that he could accept no more orders for execution till the day of publication.

The warehouse in Paternoster Row was far too small to contain the stock which was accumulating, so the supplies for London only were stored there. Those for abroad were at the University's premises in Aldersgate Street; those for the English provinces and Ireland at temporary premises in Bridgewater Square; and those for Scotland at the Oxford University Press Depôt in Edinburgh. The Cambridge editions were issued from the Cambridge University Press Warehouse in Paternoster Row. Copies were shipped by both presses to the United States and Canada on May 9 to be in readiness for publication there, which was to be on May 20.

It was decided that every bookseller throughout Great Britain and Ireland should receive supplies simultaneously upon the morning of May 17. Packages for the country were delivered to the railway companies on the previous day, and special arrangements were made with them for *early* delivery on the morning of the 17th in all towns throughout the country. This gave rise to an animated scene in the "Row" on the 16th, and an interminable procession of railway vans from Bridgewater Square, which caused wondering crowds to assemble all day long in that locality. But more exciting scenes were to follow.

Immediately after the clock of St. Paul's Cathedral had struck the hour of midnight, and ushered in the morning of the 17th, the doors of the two University Press Warehouses were opened, and the delivery of the Revised New Testament to the London trade commenced. Booksellers' carts and waggons of all sorts and sizes were waiting outside, and a strong body of police were in attendance to superintend the traffic. The distribution went on

briskly for three or four hours, when a temporary lull ensued, to be followed, between four and five o'clock, by increased activity as the newspaper carts began to call for the parcels awaiting them. At seven o'clock a large number of waggons were employed to carry supplies all over London to those booksellers who had not previously sent for them; and so it happened that by the time ordinary Londoners were astir there was not a bookseller in the metropolis unprovided with the Revised New Testament, and the windows of most of their shops were filled with it.

The publishers were now in the following position: Mr. Frowde, of the Oxford University Press, had issued considerably more than a million copies, but he held thousands of unexecuted "repetition" orders for nearly as many more, and his supplies were for the moment exhausted. Mr. Clay, of the Cambridge University Press, had issued a considerable though smaller number; all his orders were executed, and he had copies still on hand. Before noon many hundreds of telegrams began to pour in upon Mr. Frowde from booksellers who had received fewer copies than they could dispose of. The telegraph boys were stumbling over each other at the entrance, and the Post-Office officials suggested a temporary telegraph-office within the premises. The "trade" was clamorous, and as they could get no further copies from the Oxford warehouse they soon cleared out Mr. Clay's remaining stock.

At eleven o'clock the two Houses of the Convocation of Canterbury assembled at Westminster, and Dr. Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who had held the office of Chairman to the New Testament Company, presented the Revised New Testament to the President of the Upper House, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The excitement in the forenoon in Paternoster Row was intense, and the public were literally scrambling for copies. The shilling size was being sold at the underground bookstalls as rapidly at one-and-sixpence per copy as by the discount booksellers at ninepence. One City bookseller alone sold during the day 15,000 in single copies ranging in price from a shilling to a guinea. In every omnibus, in every railway compartment, and even while walking along the public thoroughfare, people were to be seen reading the New Testament. It was the universal subject of conversation throughout the land. On the evening of that memorable day the newspapers were full of it. The whole nation seemed to be reading or discussing the revision. Mr. Frowde and his staff then enjoyed the almost forgotten luxury of going to bed!

During the four years' interval between the publication of the Revised New Testament and the Revised Bible a new and commodious warehouse at Amen Corner was opened for the Oxford University Press. Mr. C. J. Clay took his two sons into partnership, and larger premises were secured for the Cambridge University Press, a few doors distant, in Ave Maria Lane.

The preparations for the issue of the complete Bible were quite as extensive as those made for the New Testament. The supply of paper was

drawn from many paper mills, but that made at the Oxford University paper mill alone was sufficient to cover two and a quarter square miles. It would have gone round the world in a strip of six inches wide; or, say, if the pages had been laid open one after another, it would have gone round the world. The sheets piled in reams as they left the mill would have made a column ten times the height of St. Paul's, or, folded into books before binding, at least one hundred times the height. The copies which were being prepared by the Oxford University Press alone would, if piled flat one upon another, have made a column more than fourteen miles high, or 370 times the height of the Monument. If piled end on end they would have reached seventy-four miles high, or 1,943 times the height of the Monument!

Printers, bookbinders, and packers were again working night and day, relays of men being employed where practicable. The strain upon the bookbinders was greater than before, owing to a much larger proportion of copies being required in elaborate leather bindings. Goat-skins were in special requisition, and the market value of morocco was proportionately high. A special Act of Congress was passed to admit presentation copies into the United States free of duty, and 1,560 goat-skins were used in binding the copies presented by the American Committee of Revision. The number used for the general issue is beyond all calculation.

The sheets had again to be guarded with increasing care, and watch and ward was kept over the 5,000 persons who were binding and packing the book, for American agents were once more upon the track, offering thousands of pounds for an advance copy. Newspaper correspondents were also offering hundreds of pounds for the sight of a copy, or such particulars of the main features of the version as would interest the millions of American readers who were waiting for it.

In view of the publication of the complete Bible, Mr. Frowde had retained possession of the "old Bible Warehouse" at 7 Paternoster Row for the dispatch of supplies to the English country trade. It was a large roomy place, about ninety feet deep, bearing the date 1671. For nearly two hundred years it had been known as the "Oxford Bible Warehouse," and from its doors had issued millions of Bibles, used by generations of our ancestors. On the upper floors there was an antiquated cooking-range with boilers, and other evidences that the building had served the double purpose of warehouse or sale-room and dwelling-place. The last service rendered to Bible distribution was undoubtedly its most weighty one, for as the day of publication approached it was literally crammed from basement to attic with hundreds of tons of Revised Bibles, packed and arranged in perfect order, in readiness for delivery to the various railway companies. The enormous weight was almost too much for it, and on the morning of May 14, just when the Archbishop of Canterbury was expected to view the preparations, ominous creaks were heard, the floors were seen to be bulging and the beams bending under the unusual

weight. The confusion that would have ensued if the structure had collapsed was too dreadful to be thought of, and builders were quickly at work propping it up from the foundation. The Archbishop arrived, accompanied by Mrs. and the late Miss Benson, and went over the building in safety; they also visited the Oxford Binding Factory in Aldersgate Street and the new warehouse at Amen Corner. They were greatly interested in all they saw, and the Archbishop talked of preaching a sermon on the process of binding a Bible.

The new version of the complete Bible was presented, with due ceremony, to the assembled Houses of the Convocation of Canterbury and to the Queen. The arrangements for publication were very similar to those made on the former occasion. The Cambridge Press issued its supplies from its warehouse in Ave Maria Lane and its depôt in Glasgow; the Oxford Press from its warehouses in Paternoster Row, in Aldersgate Street, at Amen Corner, and from its depôt in Edinburgh.

The scene in the Row on Monday, May 18, 1885, was very striking. From an early hour in the morning till late in the afternoon railway waggons approached, under the guidance of the police, through Warwick Lane and Ave Maria Lane, and passed down Paternoster Row in one unbroken stream, blocking the ordinary traffic and creating congestion in all the neighbouring thoroughfares. By six o'clock in the evening all the country supplies had been dispatched, and the employés at No. 7 Paternoster Row were able to appease their hunger. They had not tasted food since the early morning. The old warehouse was empty and erect, and the anxiety that had tormented Mr. Frowde during the four previous days was at an end. It was pulled down soon afterwards. The doors at Amen Corner and Ave Maria Lane were opened immediately after midnight, and those in Edinburgh and Glasgow at 6 A.M. on the 19th. By midday all had gone off without a hitch of any kind. Simultaneous publication throughout the British Isles had been effected, and the Revised Bible was in everybody's hands. The Jewish world pointed out that this took place upon the anniversary of the very day (the eve of the Feast of Pentecost) on which the law was originally given from Mount Sinai. The version was issued in America and the Colonies two days later, and numerous American reprints quickly appeared.

The new version has not superseded the old one, as some persons anticipated it would do. The sale of the Authorised Version was not affected in the least, and has gone on increasing from that day to this, while the Revised Version of the Bible has also a steady and increasing sale. This is partly due, however, to great reduction in the selling prices. Large quantities are ordered for distribution at very low rates, and in the last six months of 1893 about 200,000 of the Revised New Testament were thus disposed of. The sale of the New Testament fell off shortly after its first publication. The sale of the completed Bible has been more equally maintained, many thousands being ordered yearly.

Anyone who has carefully studied the Revised Version, will have noticed that the Old Testament contains fewer apparently unimportant alterations than the New. The Old Testament Company was, on the whole, much more conservative, though the changes in the translation of the Hebrew books might have been expected to be more numerous. When the publication was made in 1885 there was far less public interest felt in the work of revision, and the excitement of 1881 was not renewed. The number of copies issued on the day of publication was not nearly so large as that of the New Testament had been, but the bulk was if anything greater.

A short statement must be added regarding the publication and issue of the Revised Version in America. The arrangements for obtaining the co-operation of an American committee were chiefly left to Dr. Angus and Dr. Schaff, who visited England in 1872 for this purpose. On his return the work of revision was begun, the committee consisting of the most eminent scholars, for the most part professors in the universities and theological seminaries of various Churches. The two companies for the New and the Old Testaments met every month at rooms 42 and 44 Bible House, New York, from September to May, and a summer meeting at New Haven, Andover, or Princetown. No controversy ever rose at any meeting on points dividing religious bodies. The spirit of reverence in dealing with the Word of God, and of scholarship, rose far above any sectarian spirit. The assurance was also felt that due consideration would be given to every suggestion made by the American committee in the progress of the work, which was to be received as the common Bible for all English-speaking nations. In the version as published in England some points in which perfect agreement could not be attained were printed as an appendix. But these points represent a minute portion of the labours of the American Revisers, the results of which are found everywhere throughout the book. The revision of the New Testament was concluded in the autumn of 1880, and that of the Old Testament near the end of 1884.

Then came the arrangements for publication and distribution. It was announced that the Oxford and Cambridge editions of the New Testament would be issued in New York and Philadelphia on Thursday, May 20, at daybreak. On that morning Wall Street, New York, presented an unprecedented aspect, being invaded by large numbers of street-vendors carrying trays laden with the book. Some hundreds of thousands of copies are said to have been sold in New York alone upon that day. No copyright existed in America; but the American Revisers were pledged not to give countenance to editions which did not emanate from Oxford or Cambridge.

American enterprise, which had hitherto been baffled in attempts to get early copies, now had its opportunity. The Revised New Testament is stated to have been "set-up" on the Atlantic by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.'s printers, stereotyped on board of ship, and printed off immediately on

the arrival of the vessel in New York. By this means, it is said, the bound volume was selling in thousands within two or three days after the arrival of the vessel in New York.

The editor of the "Chicago Times" determined to give it to his readers entire in an immediate issue of the paper. Copies could not reach Chicago by rail till late on the evening of May 21, so he arranged to have the revised text of the Four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, telegraphed from New York. The operators started at 5.30 P.M. on May 20; the whole of the wires, twenty-one in number, were employed, and all other telegraphic business was suspended or sent by circuitous routes. The last word was sent at 12.50 A.M.—one hundred and eighteen thousand words in little more than seven hours, for which the proprietors are said to have paid the telegraph company ten thousand dollars. The remaining books were set up from printed copy upon the arrival of Revised New Testaments by rail. It did not transpire till the Four Gospels were put into type that the Revisers had departed from the old arrangement of division into verses, so these books were printed in chapters and verses like the Authorised Version, and all the remainder in the paragraphs of the Revised Version.

On the morning of May 22 the "Chicago Times" appeared, containing, besides other matter, the Revised Version of the New Testament complete. Many other American editions quickly followed, in all shapes and sizes; but before the majority of them appeared the persons most interested in the new version had supplied themselves with copies, and public interest in it had begun to wane. A copy of this special number of the "Chicago Times" is before us as we write, and it is a wonderful illustration of commercial enterprise as well as a striking proof of the intense anxiety of the public to get possession of the Revised Version of the New Testament.

The same ceaseless labour and anxious vigilance were necessary in America as in England for the protection of the publication. Many anecdotes are told of the schemes of publishers and newspaper agents to get possession of early copies. One example only we can afford space to describe.

A stranger came one Monday morning to the Bible House, and asked to see Dr. Schaff. After talking on various topics the subject of the approaching publication of the New Testament was spoken of. He told Dr. Schaff that Mr. Henry Frowde, a fellow-passenger to New York in the *Britannic*, arrived the previous day, and that he was bringing one thousand copies of the New Testament for distribution among those who had contributed ten dollars or more towards the expenses of the publication. The American Revisers had no arrangement like their English brethren for being paid their expenses, but did the whole work gratuitously. £20,000 was understood to be provided for expenses of the English Companies.

Meanwhile a letter had come to Dr. Schaff, written on the official paper of the *Britannic*, White Star line, purporting to be from Mr. Frowde. He wrote that he had come to America to consult

about getting a Japanese revision. On account of the vessel arriving on Sunday he had been unable to get at his copies in the hold of the ship. He would be greatly obliged if he could obtain the loan of Dr. Schaff's copy for a few hours at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, for which he would send a messenger early in the morning. This letter was dated on Sunday, and bore the forged signature of Henry Frowde.

Dr. Schaff wrote to Mr. Frowde inviting him to come to his house, or, if he received the letter too late, to come to his office between 9 and 10 A.M. next day. Dropping into the publishing house of T. Nelson & Co., agents in New York of the Oxford Press, he learned that Mr. Frowde was not expected to arrive in New York, and also found that the name of Frowde was unknown at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Dr. Schaff immediately saw that an impudent attempt had been made to get a copy of the book "by hard lying from beginning to end," as he expressed it. The adroit and clever sharper had, no doubt, sought to get a copy to sell at his own price to some unscrupulous publisher, who would be able to flood the market with unauthorised books before the day fixed for publication.

It only remains to say that the issue of the Revised Version, enormous as it has been, has had no appreciable effect on the circulation of the Bible throughout the world by the British and Foreign Bible Society and other agencies. Recent statistics show that the Scriptures have been printed in no fewer than 354 languages and dialects, either wholly or in part. The American Bible Society has aided in the translation, printing, or distribution of the Scriptures in ninety-five versions. Up to 1892 the British and Foreign Bible Society had issued 131,844,796, and the American Bible Society 55,531,906 Bibles, Testaments, and portions

of the Scriptures. Other societies had issued about 50,000,000 copies, while private publishers had increased these issues by scores of millions besides.

The lowest price of the Revised New Testament was one shilling. The lowest price of the Revised Bible was three-and-sixpence, in cloth. The most popular size is priced seven-and-sixpence. The large library edition, consisting of five volumes, in royal 8vo, is priced at 3*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* All sorts of prices are charged for costly bindings and luxurious forms. The sale of ordinary editions is now much reduced, quantities being bought at a very low figure for distribution.

Nearly ten years have passed since the Revised Bible has been in the hands of the public. It is generally admitted that in some points there has been an improved rendering, either in text or margin, of which ample use is made by preachers and expositors. On other points the increased knowledge in science, or in geography and history, has led to clearer statements than could be expected in the beginning of the seventeenth century. But in every essential of faith or of duty it is satisfactory to find that new scholarship has left untouched the least of the old truths held in common by all Christians.

There is not the slightest probability that the Revised Bible will ever displace or supersede the Authorised Version, the words of which are interwoven with all the best thought and literature of the English tongue. But the eagerness with which the Revised Version was looked for and discussed is surely a memorable sign of the times. And it is satisfactory to know, amid all the speculations and scepticisms of our days, that in the opinion of learned men the people possess in their English Bibles "the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make them wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

## IN A CAUCASIAN TEA-HOUSE.

WHEN I arrived in Tiflis in the early summer my first duty was to see the town. I sauntered along the broad streets of the Russian section, and wound in and out of the narrow lanes and covered bazaars of the Asiatic quarter. Crowds of queerly dressed Armenians, Tartars, Persians, and Georgians stared at me, drinking in civilisation, I suppose. Odd little holes served as shops where armourers, silversmiths, bootmakers, bakers, furriers, carried on their several occupations before the passers by. The day was drawing towards evening; the great heat had somewhat subsided; the air was heavy and hazy, softening the outlines of things, and bathing distant objects in the mystery and indefiniteness of a dream landscape. All at once my eyes were attracted to a highly original sign-board, nailed somewhat crookedly to the side of a wall. It represented a yellow tea-urn with red handles. From the funnel of the tea-urn smoke

curled forth. Round it, in the shape of a fan, green tea-cups were painted, and underneath it was the inscription in Russian, "Newly opened Tea-house." Thirst was tormenting me at the time, and I at once made for the tea-house. It was a large, low room, furnished with little tables covered with dirty napkins. A long counter stood against the wall at one end, and was covered with tea-pots. An organ stood against another wall. At two tables sat bright-coated fellows eating water-melons, and at a third some sort of petty official, a Russian, in shabby coat and shining buttons, sat beside a decanter of *vodka*, and smoked cigarettes. I sat down at a disengaged table. An attendant hurried up to me—a short-bodied, fat Armenian, with black moustache across his face. He was clad in a dark jacket of glossy material, wore a belt of jointed silver *nielo* work, and jauntily carried a napkin on his shoulder.

"Let me have some tea."

"Certainly," he answered, with a smile that spread out his moustache to still greater breadth. "With lemon or cream?"

"Cream."

He ran to the counter, began a hurried talk with a huge Armenian standing there—a fellow with a black beard and blue shaven cheeks, whom I took to be the landlord—returned to me, and said:

"We haven't any cream; would you like milk?"

"All right, milk."

Again a conversation with the big Armenian, and back again to me.

"Beg pardon, we haven't even milk."

"Well, let me have lemon."

For the third time he ran to the counter, and a third time he returned.

"The lemon is all gone, but we can let you have *barbaris* powder instead. It makes your tea pleasantly sour. It's strong, stronger than lemon."

Now cream and milk I knew; I was also used to tea and lemon; but *barbaris* powder was an absolutely unknown condiment, and its name was suspicious, and did not mend matters, so I replied, "Let me have plain tea."

Tea was served. The attendant rushed to the mechanical organ, turned it on, then placed himself opposite me to watch its effects. He was evidently proud of this organ. The organ played in a highly original manner an air with a refrain which was totally unknown to me.

"What is it playing?" I inquired.

"Ah, that is lovely music," said the man in his imperfect Russian, "an Armenian song—the most beautiful song in the world. A man in this town, one of my friends, built that organ."

I listened with close attention. The attendant drew nearer to my table.

"What exactly is the subject-matter of this beautiful song?"

"It is about a girl, a most lovely Armenian girl; and how a Persian prince went to war; and how he took prisoner that girl, and put that girl on his own horse, and wanted to marry her, and killed her father and mother. And that girl had a lover, a good rich Armenian merchant. The Armenian merchant went to buy that girl from the Persian prince. The prince asked a thousand roubles and the ear of the merchant. The Armenian merchant gave a thousand roubles for the girl, and cut off his ear with a *kinjal*. The Persian prince did not give him the girl, and asked ten thousand roubles and the merchant's nose. The Armenian merchant loved the girl very much, gave the Persian prince ten thousand roubles, and cut off his nose with a *kinjal*. The Persian prince did not give up the girl, and demanded a hundred thousand roubles from the Armenian merchant, together with his head . . ."

When this most epic of recitals had got to this

point, the huge Armenian from the counter, who had been gradually drawing nearer to listen, interrupted at the word "head."

"No, no," he cried, "what are you talking about? You are mixing it all up!"

The waiter turned on the big man, and began to talk angrily in Armenian. The tall man explained his version of the story, also in Armenian, and thereupon ensued a loud wrangle. The little waiter flourished his hands about the face of the tall man. The tall man laid firm hold of the little fellow by the back, and was bawling to me:

"Sir, let me speak! I know the story better. When the Armenian merchant cut off his ear with the *kinjal*, the girl wept with great tears, and began to sing, 'Now unto thee I sing, my love, I shall love thee more for thy wound; I will touch thy ear that thou may'st hear my burning words of love.'"

"No, that's wrong," interrupted the little man, jumping about in his excitement. "When the Persian prince said to the Armenian merchant 'give me your head,' the girl took a *kinjal* . . ."

"It wasn't the girl who took the *kinjal*, but the girl's brother who took it," yelled the tall man, striking the rival narrator on the breast.

The waiter recovered, and to show that his version was the correct one he began to sing something in Armenian, raising his left hand to his mouth as he sang, and gathering his eyes well under his brows.

After a minute of this he asked his big antagonist: "Now do you know how it goes?"

"Do you know this?" and the big man shut his eyes tightly, and likewise began to sing.

"That isn't it," roared the waiter.

In a few seconds they were both singing, each his own version, each his own *motif*. The outcome of these sounds closely resembled the feline concerts that I had often listened to on a London house-top, a war of nasal screams. The attendant beat time to his version with his feet, the big man hammered an accompaniment with a glass. I got tired of it. It was enough to pull my ears out by the roots.

"How much for the tea?" I asked, standing up.

"Stop, stop, sir, don't go yet!" cried the tall man in the midst of his song. The attendant, however, continued his singing.

I threw a twenty-copeck piece on the table, and asked, "Is that enough?"

"Quite enough, sir; but the weather is getting bad, and I don't want you to leave us until you hear the end of the story about the Armenian girl's brother."

I rushed from the tea-house and crossed the street; but from the other side I heard the conflict of the contending bards growing louder and fiercer, the organ slowly grinding out a third version of that wonderful tale of an Armenian girl and a Persian prince.

M.



## Second Thoughts on Books.

Macpherson's  
Ossian

The "Dictionary of National Biography" is no longer edited by Mr. Leslie Stephen. His successor, Mr. Sidney Lee, commenced his editorial labours in the summer of last year with a volume containing innumerable Macs. Of course the volume had a specially Scottish flavour about it. Having occasion at the time to be reading about the feud between James Macpherson and Dr. Johnson, we were curious to see the opinion of the new editor about the Ossianic poems, where the "Times" review of the volume said we "should find him at his best." It turned out, from a subsequent letter in the "Times," that Mr. Sidney Lee was not the author of the article which had been praised for its "judicious treatment of the famous controversy." It was written by Mr. T. Bailey Saunders. His judicious summary is thus given :

"It is clear that the general charge of forgery, in the form in which it was made by Johnson, was unjustifiable. It is unlikely from the character of Macpherson's other writings, that he could be the sole author of the poems, or that he could have written so much original poetry in so short a time. On the other hand, it is highly improbable that Macpherson found any such epic as he claimed to have discovered. He undoubtedly 'arranged' what he found. In the process he occasionally combined legends of two different epochs. Further, there is no proof that the poems emanated, as was alleged, from the third century, nor is it now possible to fix their date. They are stated to be pre-Christian; but reference to Christianity may have been omitted with the object of increasing their apparent antiquity."

This statement is far worse than anything that Dr. Johnson ever said about Macpherson. The idea of purposely omitting every reference to Christianity in order to increase the apparent antiquity of the poems would reduce the name of Macpherson to the level of a very tricky and commonplace literary forger.

The dispute about which so much was heard at the time turned upon a very simple issue. Were the poems of Ossian translations or inventions? If they were inventions, they were the work of a man of original genius. If translations, Dr. Johnson said, let the originals be produced.

Dr. Johnson took up the question with more than

his usual vehemence, and Macpherson replied in terms so severely personal, that Johnson, who knew no fear, wrote his famous letter containing the words, "I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered to myself I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian." It was then that he purchased an oak cudgel far bigger than that which he got to thrash Foote, on hearing that he was about to ridicule him on the stage!

Dr. Johnson was not aware of the wealth of literary legend handed down from ancient times without being put into writing. He did not deny the authenticity of Ossian from any prejudice against Macpherson as a Scotchman, but insisted on the manuscripts being shown or deposited in some library.

This was of course impossible, though the pretence of their existence was maintained for the sake of the sale of the book.

The whole story is told in the Life and in the Letters of Dr. Johnson. Boswell says that when the fragments of Highland poetry first came out he was so much pleased with them that he was one of those who subscribed to enable the editor, then a young man, to make a search in the Hebrides for a long poem in the Erse language reported to be preserved in these regions. He afterwards changed his opinion on seeing the epic poem in six books! Even David Hume subscribed to the search fund. Gibbon, who quoted Ossian in the first volume of his "Decline and Fall," speaks of "the doubtful mist still hanging over these highland traditions, not to be dispelled by the most ingenious researches of modern criticism."

Even down to our day the controversy is kept up, and in literary history there is still a "doubtful mist" such as Gibbon referred to, as uncertain as the true origin of the Homeric poems. The parallel case of the Icelandic Sagas and Legends was not known a century ago. The mystery kept up by the author and the publishers of Ossian greatly helped the sale at the time.

In a note in Dr. Birkbeck Hill's edition of Boswell

we are reminded of Dean Stanley's remark in his "Westminster Abbey." "Within a few feet of Johnson lies (by one of those singular coincidences in which the abbey abounds) his deadly enemy James Macpherson."

It was a great ethical advance from the days of Ossian when Sir Walter Scott, in his own name, gathered up the legendary ballads of the Borders, or published Scottish songs under such titles as the "Lady of the Lake" or the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." How Johnson would have loved Sir Walter Scott!

M.

Here are, says a learned Scotchman, three interchangeable names. We, then, who live in the land once inhabited by the Picts, live in the land once inhabited by the Fians and the Fairies. It was, then, they who owned these islands before the Normans and the Saxons and the Danes and the Romans.

Well-a-day!—One thinks at once of cowslips' bells and bats' backs, and from the bottom of one's heart wishes the old times back. "Hear me to the end," says the learned Scotchman—"we never, not even when we were Fians and Fairies, lay in cowslips' bells, and we never flew on bats' backs. That is such stuff as dreams are made of, the dreams of Shakespeare and his like."

The Scotchman does not use precisely those words, but he says precisely what is contained in them. He pleads guilty to being an euhemerist. More than two thousand years have passed since Euhemerus of Greece wrote that book in which he asserted that all the pretty myths of his countrymen were mere expansions of human events, and we have still euhemerists among us, and the latest of them is David Mac Ritchie, who gives us this strange and interesting booklet, "Fians, Fairies, and Picts," in which he tells us that Fian, Fairy, and Pict are interchangeable names. His line of argument is this: The fairies, of whom the poets tell us, are little people; the Picts, of whom the historians tell us, were little people. The fairies, if we are to believe the poets, live in hollow hillocks and under the ground; there are still in these islands numerous underground structures and artificial mounds, the interior of which shows them to have been dwelling-places, and which are in some places known as "fairy halls" and in others as "Picts' houses."

\* Illustrations are given of these "beehive houses," one of which is described as eighteen feet in diameter, as nine feet high, and as covered with green turf outside. Another is described as square within and round without and green with growing turf. Such houses, we are told, are found in numbers in the Hebrides, the bees that dwelt in them having been human bees, bees that made fires for themselves, and that slept in beds. The famous Maes How of Orkney Mr. Mac Ritchie regards as having been of real earth-dwellings. He does not believe it, as do some, to belong to the class of sepulchral mounds, but holds it to have been originally what, prior to 1861, when the mound was opened, it was declared

to be by local tradition—the home of a mound-dweller. With this species of habitation he puts also the well-known Brugh<sup>1</sup> of the Boyne, New Grange, county Meath.

Walter Scott is quoted among others as having held the opinion that the Picts were a small race. Reference is made to his description of a Pict's house, the size of which he maintains "fully justifies the tradition prevalent here [Shetland Islands], as well as in the South of Scotland, that the Picts were a diminutive race."<sup>2</sup>

Somebody probably wants to know how small we were when we were fairies. Assuming that he means when we were Picts, I think it best to refer him to Mr. Mac Ritchie's delightful book, which contains the measurements of the Picts' houses, the biggest among them and the smallest. The smallest, it must be admitted, are very small indeed, but Shakespeare exaggerated matters, for the Pict who found it easy to enter his little Picts' house, would, very small wight though he must have been, have indubitably not have found room to stretch his limbs on a cowslip.<sup>3</sup>—E. D'E. K.

#### English History.

When shall we have a history of England? We have some good fragments that are written from original documents, but most of our histories are simply copies in modern form of old works. And yet now the original documents are get-at-able in all countries, and our English history can only be written with the aid of the archives of other countries. As an instance of the interest of these documents, in the "Athenæum" recently appeared the original warrant of King Richard II, ordering William Wolworth and Johan Phelipot, his war treasurers, to pay Geoffray Chaucer, the poet, and Edward de Berkley one hundred and two hundred marks respectively, for a journey into Lombardy upon matters connected with the war. This old document had lain hidden since May 1378, that is, for over five hundred years; and only last year was the full text of this payment to the father of English poetry—the author of the "Canterbury Tales"—given to the English reading public throughout the world. Foreign archives are rich in English historical matter at this period of our history; to write it, France, Italy, Germany, Bohemia—all must be made to yield their written treasures before we can know our own history.—J. B.

#### Foresight in our Pleasures.

We observe that the head-master of Haileybury, in his very sensible book, "Mothers and Sons; or, Problems in the Home Training of Boys" (Macmillan, London), appeals for an effort to be made, where possible,

<sup>1</sup> "Brugh," as Mr. Mac Ritchie points out, means *dwelling-place*.

<sup>2</sup> These beehive houses and mound structures have their counterpart to-day in the dwellings of half-savage races in various regions.

<sup>3</sup> There is a reference in this book, "Fians, Fairies, and Picts," to a paper by Mrs. J. E. Saxby, "Folk Lore from Unst, Shetland," which appeared in the "Leisure Hour" of 1890. Some of the readers of the above may like to look it up.

towards kindling boys with the love of some such pursuit as gardening. He says :

"When I consider the wholesomeness, the discipline, the encouragement of observation, the lessons of tenderness and patience which it gives, and when I reflect that the power of gratifying this most refined taste lingers far into old age, and outlives the shrinking of muscle and the stiffening of the knee, I assure you that, in spite of a strong, almost fanatical, love of ball games, I sometimes feel doubtful if cricket and football do as much for a man's whole life as the love and tending of plants and flowers. For the somewhat artificial conditions of school-life these great games are indispensable. We have to face problems arising from the presence of boys in the mass, of whom some have rude, shapeless instincts, and are strangely inclined to spend their leisure in lounging, or violence, or vapid talk, and pampering of the appetites. Some are anti-social, and prefer solitary novel reading, or aimless unconvivial dreaming, to the life that calls for a sense of citizenship and unity; others—indeed a good many—are likely to turn out grave and useful members of society, but have at present a feeble linguistic sense and slowly maturing brains, and are apparently resting for a while in the solidifying bovine stage, harmless and inert, but ready for deterioration. For all of these, and many more, athleticism is a sovereign safeguard. It catches the moody and the turbulent, the anæmic and the boisterous, in its ample stream, and sweeps along good and bad alike, by dint of a powerful, common interest, quite social and wholesome in tone. But it is needless for me to wax eloquent on this theme. What I wish to insist on is that, however necessary at school, athletics do not require special stimulus at home. They need not be snubbed, but they ought to be tempered and supplemented. The enormous benefits that spring from them should not blind us to the fact that undiluted doses of them stunt the moral and intellectual growth of boyhood. An athlete seldom takes a walk, and knows nothing of the neighbourhood, cannot distinguish a buttercup from a cow-slip, gives no heed to the notes of birds, and thinks it childish to look at a butterfly's wing. Indeed, if his games are combined, as they often are, with shooting, his attitude towards the animal kingdom is one of ignorance or hostility, excepting towards his pony, his bull-dog, and his ferret. . . . Please do not let us forget that our wish is to turn the boy by degrees into a complete man. The time comes, 'when the grinders are few,' and when the enthralling athletic pleasures must give way, even if there be nothing else to take their place."

There is no need to apologise for this lengthy extract. We have all heard how more than one great statesman has turned thankfully from the triumphs and trials of office to the peaceful delights of shrubberies and flower-beds. God has surrounded us with abundant means for pure and perennial recreation, if only our eyes are opened to recognise them, and our hearts preserved from that deadly numbness of satiety which must have galvanic shocks of excitement to produce any sensation at all. As Ruskin says: "The least thing has play in it—the slightest word, wit, when your hands are busy and your heart is free."

L. F. M.

Dangerous  
Reading.

"Two sorts of persons," said the late Thomas T. Lynch, "are to be alike avoided: those who offer you an explanation of everything, and those who care not for the full explanation of anything. They are alike mischievous."

This criticism might well be applied to authors and their works. Beware of the man who comes to you, like poor Mr. Casaubon in George Eliot's "Middlemarch," with a "key to all philosophies,"

a royal road on which the truth-seeker may saunter easily to the goal. The wise reader will always distrust books which purport to do his thinking for him—to supply all his intellectual needs within two covers, and to offer him the sum of human knowledge in a nutshell. For are we likely to be helped by volumes propounding comprehensive theories of the universe, and promising to silence all doubts and settle all problems in a single argument, which we are bidden only to accept, endorse, and be satisfied. The human mind was never made to be so easily contented. No isolated book, outside the Sacred Canon which comprises in itself a whole literature—nay, no group of books, no entire school of writers, can furnish us with more than a fragment of wisdom, a few germ-thoughts out of which, with much patient digging and watering, we must grow our own philosophy.

"Know-  
nothing  
Books."

On the other hand, most modern literature errs in the opposite direction.

A profound moral agnosticism, if we may so distinguish it, has tainted some of the most popular and successful fiction of to-day. Difficult and weighty problems of duty and character are not merely left unanswered, but presented in a manner implying that it does not very much matter whether they are answered at all. Beneath such a habit of narration lies a pessimism peculiarly fatal to the moral issues of art. This class of novel treats sin as a deplorable accident rather than a breach of known law. It leaves us with no impression of honest struggle against evil, of open and determined conflict between right and wrong. The chronicler who tells us of a life in which temptation gained the victory and goodness was utterly overthrown deserves far less the title of "pessimist," so recklessly flung at him, than does the writer who so obscures the actual conflict as to make us doubt where virtue and where wickedness really lie.

"Realism" in  
Fiction.

But it is argued by one section of "realists," falsely so called, and consisting of critics and imitators rather than of any great novelists—that the supreme duty of the author is simply to set before us the *facts*, the *realities* of life, and leave us to shape our own ideals and draw our own conclusions from them. Exactly so! But to do this we must have *all* the facts—bad and good together. Give us unpleasant truths by all means; but show us also where lies the good which shall overcome the evil. Courage, love, endurance, pity, faithfulness, generosity—are not these things as *real* as hatred, meanness, flippancy, cowardice, despair? It has been said that some of the greatest novels "end on a note of interrogation," and leave us with no adequate solution of the main questions which they raise. This may well be so, for, as we have said, the purpose of literature is not to settle things for us, but to provide us with the means and the stimulus to settle them for ourselves. Our only

quarrel is with books that give us nothing but a note of interrogation from first to last—that leave all conduct in a moral fog, and give us no certain data of aim and principle on which to work.

The Spirit of the Great Novelist. It is easy to say that a writer's business is to tell his story for its own sake, and for no further purpose, or that "art for art's sake" should save him from inserting his own opinions into the narrative. He must have no bias (it is urged); he must not himself feel strongly one way or the other; he must not show what he wants to make his readers feel.

Yet surely art must concern itself with the effect of what it accomplishes! We cannot relate an ordinary incident to a friend, however carefully, without showing what we ourselves think and feel about the facts we are stating. Consciously or unconsciously, our very tones and expressions, our emphasis on one part of the story against another, will suggest, without any comment, on which side our sympathies and inclinations lie. All great novelists have thus written—just as we speak—from the heart as well as from the observation. Charles Dickens wept bitterly as he wrote of the death of "Little Nell." The prayers and sermons of "Dinah Morris," as the authoress of "Adam Bede" has assured us, "were written with burning tears as they surged up in her own heart." The terrible scene of temptation and sin in "The Ordeal of Richard Teveral" is bathed by George Meredith in such a glow of moral indignation and pity—though without one word of comment—that the reader is filled with the same passion, and comes away awed and chastened as if by a personal experience. The tenderness of the oft-quoted "cathedral scene" in "Esmond," whose "dear lady," clasping him after long absence, cries, "I knew you would come back, my dear, bringing your sheaves with you," must have been drawn from the inmost soul of Thackeray. The tragedies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" were not set down by an impartial hand. They were forced into our vision by one whose whole soul was aflame with revolt against tyranny, and love for the helpless and oppressed.—E. W.

Thomas Hood. Thomas Hood is too often regarded simply as a humourist and a punster, but he was also a true poet, whose very puns have frequently the suggestiveness that is part of a poet's inspiration. Canon Ainger, who has recently edited a charmingly illustrated selection from Hood's Humorous Poems, says very truly that "the ordinary pun is for the most part profoundly depressing, being generally an impertinence, while Hood's at their best exhilarate and fill the reader with a glow of admiration and surprise." Unfortunately he is often not at his best, for he had to write for bread, and making puns for a living would be a wearisome trade for a strong man, while Hood was a confirmed invalid. Very much of his humour is

delightful, and an hour spent with the poet in his mirthful mood will not be one to be regretted. Hood, however, has higher claims upon the student of good literature. He belongs to the so-called "minor poets," but among them he is one of the tenderest and purest. The author of the "Bridge of Sighs" and of the "Song of the Shirt" knew how to touch the heart and conscience of the nation, but he knew also how to write for those who gain much of their mental food in the world which is the creation of a poet's dream. Readers who love him best find in his small volume of thoughtful verse a wealth of fancy, a felicity of expression, and a pathetic charm which give to Hood a distinctive and enviable place among the poets of his country.—J. D.

Sir Walter Scott as Poet. A volume of the lyrics and ballads of Sir Walter Scott has been recently edited by Mr. Andrew Lang, and in the publication he has done good service to an author whose fine gift as a lyrical poet is not, we think, sufficiently appreciated. A great writer like Scott, who has earned a world-wide fame by his romances, is in danger of losing the laurels gained in another field of literature. But it is no exaggeration to say that everything which Scott wrote was written in the light of poetry, and with "a fine flame of imagination." His longer lyrics, as well as the lovely snatches of song interspersed throughout the "Waverley Novels," are among the most charming things he has left us. They contain almost every merit to be looked for in lyrical poetry: fancy, imagination, a lightness of touch, a musical charm, and a pathetic truthfulness that is highly attractive. Then, what a "go" there is about some of his lyrics! Read what Mr. Lang calls "the most gallant of all cavalier songs," "Bonnie Dundee," "Young Lochinvar," or the magnificent ballad "Cadyow Castle," and if you are blessed with poetic feeling, you will be "carried off your legs" as the Duchess of Gordon was by the songs of Burns. Scott was alive to his finger tips when he composed verses like these; the life that is in them quickens the pulses of his readers. There is no modern poet, perhaps, who has more of this vitalising power. Scott stirs us to his trumpet tones and moves us to a tenderness of feeling all the more impressive because it is so reticent. No poet was ever less egotistical, but much of the depth and sensibility of a spirit "finely touched" is to be seen in his lyrics. There is no doubt that Sir Walter wrote much in verse that is of a secondary order, but at his best he ranks among the great poets of his country, and in all our English poetry there is nothing finer of its kind than the sixth canto of "Marmion." Who that feels the power of Scott and loves the man does not echo the words of Tennyson:

"O, great and gallant Scott,  
True gentleman heart, blood and bone,  
I would it had been my lot  
To have heard thee and seen thee and known!"

J. D.



### WINDOW DECORATION.

MUCH attention has been given during the last twenty years to the interior adornment of our houses, and we do not in 1894 paper our dining-rooms with scarlet or green flock paper, drape the windows with heavy curtains of the same shades, place a row of mahogany chairs along the sides of the room covered with leather or black horse-hair, and cover the floor with the everlasting Turkey carpet. In truth, we are rather ashamed to remember the tasteless furnishing of our grandparents, having ourselves received a more artistic education, as a matter of course, which has caused our ideas on this subject to be so entirely different. Dining-rooms now must be papered or painted in lighter shades of colour, and possess a frieze or dado matching or contrasting. The windows are curtained to harmonise, material being secondary to art pattern or colour. If muslin curtains are used frills at the edge are most approved, and they are looped high with sashes of silk. The pretty lace curtain of past years is no longer met with, except perhaps in lodging-houses, or in the quiet homes of ladies still devoted to the early Victorian age of art. Our chairs must be copies of Chippendale or Sherraton, covered with embossed leather, or the velvet, silk, or wool material that is required to harmonise, down to the artistic patterned if inexpensive cretonne. Carpets that cover the room we have quite discarded, and a harmony of one colour or the more attractive one of contrast is to be seen in the square of Axminster or Brussels which we place in the centre, the surrounding boards being of polished parquetry, or stained.

We are almost afraid to recall the remembrance of some, or the attention of the present generation, to the method of furnishing a drawing-room in 1830 to 1860, but it seems (from an educational point of view) the right course to pursue for the benefit of the more youthful among our readers; therefore we may inform them that bright colours were much used; curtains, chairs, and sofas were all of the same shades of colour; often it was a bright green or intense blue. Furniture was always bought in suites, each article

alike in style. As a rule it consisted of twelve chairs and two sofas, with a round table for the centre of the room, which was usually covered with richly decorated books, the contents of which were of no importance if the binding was of gay appearance. These were seldom opened, except perhaps on dinner-party nights, when the unmarried or younger guests would be invited to "look at the books," while the elders talked or gossiped during the weary waiting (in those remote days) for the host and his friends to "join the ladies!" The wall-papers as well as the drawing-room carpets presented to the eye a mass of impossible flowers of every hue, on a ground of any shade that suited the convenience of the makers; harmony in colouring, or indeed harmony of any kind in a room, was not thought of or understood.

This being the case in the interior of houses, it was a matter of course that the exterior decoration should share the same fate. The window-boxes for flowers were considered charming if planted with scarlet geraniums, yellow calceolarias or nasturtiums, this being the favourite combination, and with a row of blue lobelia in front in addition left nothing to be desired. Year after year the same order appeared; no one thought a change needed or a variation in the flowers required. At the present time, indeed for years past, the once admired scarlet Tom Thumb geranium has vanished from our windows, blue lobelia we use with more restraint, and our aim now is to impress our friends and the passing stranger with the taste and artistic knowledge displayed in the arrangement of our window-flowers.

Having thus briefly shown that we may justly congratulate ourselves on our superiority (in method, style, and harmony) to the ignorant and careless early Victorian, we will pass on to consider how we may make our window-flowers appear harmonious objects of interest and beauty. The interest will depend on our love for flowers, and the time we can devote to them; the beauty will be found in the combinations and arrangement of the colours. This essay is written more particularly to aid those living in

either country towns or suburban houses, and who cannot afford to give unlimited orders to the fashionable florist of the day, but desire to employ their leisure in cultivating in their small greenhouses the plants which are to adorn the outside of their windows.

During the seasons of 1892-93 two styles of decoration were most frequently seen in London, the selection of one flowering plant, and a combination of two or three; examples of both were to be observed in Park Lane. There some of the tall narrow houses had boxes in every window filled with the pink ivy geranium left quite untrained, and in its natural luxuriance allowed to fall over the front of the boxes. The effect was lovely, the pink flower on its long stalk standing out well above the thick green leaves. It may be mentioned here that the pink ivy geranium has steadily increased in favour for decorative purposes during the last year or two. The other style frequently adopted may be called "Frieze-like," being the employment of two or three flowering plants of contrasting colours. At the back of the box were placed tall white or yellow marguerites, a row of each, the shorter in front; then dwarf pink *Silene compacta*, or pink geraniums, *not* ivy. The colours should be white, yellow, pink, or yellow, white, blue, or variations of these as best approved by the taste of the person arranging. The height of the plants must be studied, the tallest at the back, and each row of colour must be distinctly perceived. The drooping *tradescantia* looks pretty hanging over the edge of boxes, and lasts well through the season.

In London the owners of houses frequently contract with a florist to keep the windows always adorned with flowers, according to a certain key of colour, changing them once or twice if required. There are many other combinations to be seen, but the two described are the two most distinctly different styles. In rows of houses, in streets, or close together, there need be no monotony or sameness in decoration, as there are so many flowers that can be used instead of the pink ivy geranium or the tall frieze-like marguerites; either idea can be carried out with endless variety. One of the best flowers for the "Friezes" is the tobacco plant. It grows tall, and if cut down when the first blooms are over springs up quickly again and gives another crop. The seeds should be sown in August or September, then the young plants will be ready to put in the boxes in May. It requires a little support when growing. Another most useful tuberous plant is the begonia, and it succeeds well in window-boxes, and at present is more uncommon than many other flowers. The yellow planted with pink and white is very pretty.

All flowers of dark red look best alone, or with white, but shades of pink may be added to form a harmony of analogy. Always fill your box; do not be too economical with your plants, they can easily be thinned if overgrowing the spaces allowed for them.

For those who have no means at all of keeping cuttings of plants through the winter, the begonia can be highly recommended; the tubers can be stored in a dry place in cocoa fibre or any other medium, and in the spring they can be put into pots, placed in a sunny window, and left till they

are large enough for the boxes, when the weather has become warm enough to plant them out. Geraniums do well in a north aspect; indeed it is the best for them, and as few other flowers thrive in it, we can always keep the north windows gay with these pretty flowers. Avoid too many colours in your boxes; three is the largest number that ought to be used. If it is desired to keep the plants in pots, it can be done by filling the boxes with cocoa fibre, and plunging them well into it; a covering of moss keeps the soil moist, and in a south window is almost necessary. Windows in winter can still be made pleasant to look on with small evergreens, and then in early spring the bulbs are ready to take their places. If possible, it is a good plan to have a smaller box made to fit into the usual window-box, in which the bulbs can be planted in October or November. This may be kept in a room before the window or in the little greenhouse, and at the proper season the evergreens can be removed and the box of bulbs substituted. The same care in arranging the colours must be taken as with other flowers; yellow crocus and white, with a centre of blue scillas, is very pretty, or violet, white, and yellow, and leave out the scillas. After these we have hyacinths, tulips, and other bulbous plants, but it is too cold in England for them to bloom till April or May, and they are better adapted for garden-beds.

It must be clearly understood that modern window-gardening has become an art, and the first question to be settled when we begin to pay attention to our window-boxes is the scheme of colour, which must be well thought out and selected; then the next step is to enquire for and obtain those plants that can be used to carry out our ideas, or if we have certain plants that we wish to employ, they should be sorted according to colour, and additions that are needed bought. The somewhat old-fashioned red fuchsia is pretty to look on, mixed with white geraniums. Hanging baskets are a mistake, because only one side can be seen, and the effect as a whole is lost; on that account they are not advisable. Some lady gardeners prefer to put coloured pots of earthenware in the window instead of boxes; this is a matter of taste which requires great judgment in selecting the flowers to fill them. A scarlet geranium or any other red flower in an orange pot is not a harmony, but yellow-brown *calceolarias* or any mauve or violet flower are very pretty in a pot of that shade. Deep red pots should have pale pink or white flowers in them, and red blossoms are best in pale bluish-green or greenish receptacles. The painting of flower-boxes must be studied also; if they are wood it is very little trouble to paint them, and the expense is trifling. It would be impossible to give a list of flowers in this brief chapter of "hints," and if the decorative colours are selected, the flowers are easily found. One of the most attractive contrasts is a deep mauve, such as the *Jackmanii* clematis with a sunflower yellow; yellow and white is also good.

Discordant contrasts should never be allowed, such as red with orange or mauve, violet with blue. White always aids in mitigating unfortunately chosen colours; if red and orange flowers are

placed in a vase they are a most unpleasing combination, but they can be made less appalling by separating the antagonistic colours with white ones. The colours named in this essay are used to illustrate a harmony of contrast in their combinations, and the harmony of analogy which is shown in selecting flowers of the same hues and shades ; lastly, we have a decoration using only one colour. Flower-beds can be arranged in the same manner as the colours in the window-boxes, and with better effect, as so many variations can be found in

plants not suited for boxes. A bed of flowers for the month of June would be a delight to the gardener with artistic tastes if planted with white iris, pink or scarlet poppy, blue iris, and white valerian. From these rudimentary hints any lover of flowers will be able to elaborate for himself a scheme for the most artistic decoration, and he will be repaid a thousandfold for the time and attention he gives to his window-gardens, though he may have to study the science of colouring to obtain beautiful results.

A. OMAN.

### A NIGHT WITH A POOR MAN'S LAWYER.

"**A**RE all these people waiting to see the lawyer?"

"Yes, sir, and there ain't near so many as we gets sometimes."

The night was wet, and perhaps that accounted for the diminished attendance, though to a visitor the waiting-room seemed full to overflowing. The thirst for legal advice appears very great at Canning Town.

"First case, please!" The lawyer has come—a barrister by profession and a member of the Mansion House University Settlement—and acting as his own usher, he summons the first gratuitous client. The principle here is "first come, first served," though sometimes the crowd of applicants, amounting frequently to thirty or forty in number, permit a deviation among themselves.

The first case comes to the Warden's room where the barrister sits. He has almost invariably the same opening questions, and after courteously offering his poor clients a seat and putting them at their ease he seeks to know their name and their employment.

"Simple enough, surely," but the long rigmarole upon which some of these good people will enter is astonishing. The patient, clear-headed lawyer has often to cut the Gordian knot by a straight, sharp question, to which he insists upon having a straight and simple answer.

For instance, our first case to-night, a pale youth with a sickly moustache, is possessed with the idea that he is entitled to a pension. He had written to the "Home Sekketry at Chelsea."

"The War Office, you mean," interpolates Mr. Lawyer.

"Ah, well, it is all one," thinks the youth, though evidently the idea of Chelsea pensioner was in his mind; but at present no satisfactory settlement has been made. He is a gas-fitter by trade, and the peculiar intonation of the last two words conveys to the experienced ears of the barrister the suggestion that the would-be pensioner is out of work at present. Finally, counsel promises to examine the regulations on pensions, and let him

know when he calls next Tuesday night, for this legal dispensary is only open on Tuesday evenings. The probability is that he is not entitled to a pension at all, but he means to endeavour to get one if he can, and the barrister's advice may save him much wasted effort.

Claims indeed seem in evidence to-night. Amongst the clients is a woman who asks almost in a ghostly whisper, "Can you help me to find a lost paper? If I could get that paper, I should be right."

"What paper is it?"

And in reply she enters on a long harangue. Cutting through the tangled web of talk, it appeared that she believed a clerk in a certain Government office had lost a paper which if found would establish her right to a sum of money due to her late husband, who had been in a department of the public service. At present she is living with her daughter, and says she pathetically, "I'm tekin' away from them two children what they ought to have." The two children are her grandchildren, and the sentence conveys the idea that the family has often not enough food for all. Her husband, she tells us, had entered the service under an assumed name, and this lost paper established his identity. Some one else, she was sure, had drawn the money which she should have had. What was to be done?

To the clear head of the young barrister it seemed obvious that there was no legal claim for any pension whatever. But she had papers, she protested; oh yes, she had papers that would put quite a different complexion on the matter.

"Well, bring me those papers next week," says he, and she departs intending to do so. But I doubt if she will convince a barrister, and he may save this client again months of worry and aimless effort.

These two cases are unpleasantly significant. They suggest that the desire has been in certain quarters to hang on to the public purse if possible, and that there are people who are willing to spend weeks of aimless endeavour on the slightest pre-

text of obtaining a pension or a grant in compensation, instead of buckling to such work as they may be able to find. It is the duty of the lawyer in such cases to strip them of their fond delusion as speedily as possible.

There is another case for compensation, but it is much better founded. "I was give a ticket for a concert," said a poor woman, "and a lady hev a glass at my eye!"

"What!"

"A lady hev a glass at my eye," she repeated.

Further examination revealed the fact that "hev" meant "heaved," and that the "lady" in question having "got into a rage" with her husband threw a glass at him which hit her—the poor client—in the eyes.

Naturally the question arose where was this curious concert-room where the "ladies" heaved glasses at their husbands. There was some reticence in answering the question, but apparently it was a "harmonic meeting" at a public-house. The lady had offered to pay for the doctor, whose bill had amounted to seven-and-sixpence, and two shillings had actually been paid. But the lady now refused to pay any more, although there was a "bit o' writing" acknowledging the claim. The "writing" seeming satisfactory to the barrister, he explained what was to be done, and told his client she ought to claim also for damages, advising her that she should apply for a summons for a sovereign at such-and-such a police court; and the victim of the harmonic meeting departed well pleased with the Poor Man's Lawyer.

These kinds of cases are as it were but the light dishes of the legal feast. The bulk of them are of three or four classes; namely, disagreements between landlord and tenant; secondly, quarrels between husband and wife, and when a woman softly begins "Me and my 'usbin' 'ave 'ad a few words," the lawyer knows pretty well what is likely to follow. No fewer than 114 cases out of the first thousand would come under this head. Thirdly are accident cases during work, 110 out of the thousand being of this description. There were eighty-eight in a thousand as to the disposition of property, while as for other cases their name is legion.

"It is surprising," says the barrister, "the number of points at which the law touches the poor, and as a rule they are quite in a maze as to the best course to pursue. Little difficulties about wages are constantly occurring, endless disputes between landlord and tenant, frequent quarrels between husband and wife. Often the question arises, Can a wife leave her husband voluntarily because she says he ill-uses her, and yet compel him to maintain her? And much to the wife's annoyance, the barrister has to tell her that if she

leave voluntarily and without a magistrate's separation order, she cannot compel her husband to support her.

Again it happens that a tenant is a week or two behind with his rent, and the landlord wants to turn him out at once before he has obtained another lodging. What is the exact state of the law on this point? Can the landlord compel him to budge?

There are usually too many cases for the barrister who started this legal dispensary to cope with alone, and now a solicitor assists him, sitting in another room, and the clients address themselves to either "lawyer," on the first come, first served principle, as the case may be. Occasionally if one have a tale too tangled for him to unravel alone, or think the case more suited to his colleague, he hands it over with a good conscience.

Some clients are no doubt suffering injustice, it may be from a bad landlord, who is probably as ignorant of the law as the client himself, or from some accident which has befallen them or injury which has been done them. On the other hand, one cannot but feel that some of these tangled tales are at times "bogus;" and even if the clients believe in them themselves, they are void of foundation. In any case, to obtain a clear legal opinion on the question is a distinct gain. It may save the poor client months of aimless effort, it may nip a fraud in the bud, and if the claim be good it will help the applicant on the best course to pursue.

Apparently such a case as this last was that of a poor man whose wife was injured by falling over some obstruction one dark night on a river pier. Seemingly he had a good case, but knew not clearly what to do in order to establish it. To him the lawyer's aid in pointing out the right course to adopt would be most useful.

Again, incompetent and intimidating landlords may be prevented from turning out their tenants before they can be legally compelled to go, and they may also be obliged to effect, if necessary, repairs to their premises. One lady indeed had not repaired her houses for eight years, and the condition into which they fell may be imagined. Poor woman, she had no money to spend upon them, and they had to be sold. She now probably regrets she was so unwise as to invest her little all in such property without the means to maintain it. So in various ways the lawyers are able to benefit their poor clients, protecting them from injustice and advising them how to obtain redress for injuries; and so the tale of life runs on from week to week in the sympathetic ears of the lawyers who endeavour to make rough places smooth and crooked paths straight.

F. M. HOLMES.

NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.



*After H. S. Marks, R.A.]*

THE PROFESSOR.

[*Royal Academy Exhibition, 1883.*

THE PROGRESS OF BOTANY.—A GREAT CONSUMPTION : SCHWENDENER'S LICHEN THEORY.

THE recent official discouragement of the science of botany in examinations for the Indian and other branches of the Civil Service, the abolition of the botanical lectureship in our great medical schools, and the reduction in the number of marks given for proficiency in the subject, are hostile

demonstrations in certain influential quarters which look at first sight like a dangerous threat to the prospects of one of the very foremost and most delightful branches of natural history. There can be no doubt that the study and the *status* of the science of plant life has during the last fifteen or twenty years undergone a revolution, and suffered from a semi-eclipse of a somewhat portentous character. It is hard for any true lover of natural

history to believe in the permanent decline of the science which inspired Humboldt's imperishable "Cosmos" and "Aspects of Vegetation," and Hooker's "Journal in the Himalayas," Darwin's "Insectivorous Plants" and "Motions of Climbing Plants," Kerner's "Flowers and their Unbidden Guests," Bates' and Wallace's "Amazons," and Belt's "Naturalist in Nicaragua," not to speak of Lubbock's "British Wild Flowers in Relation to Insects," Kingsley's dying voyage to the West Indies, Fritz Muller's researches, and other contributions to the story of plant life on the old lines of the traveller and field-naturalist. Yet the danger, incredible as it may seem, has been keenly felt, and the depression in the fortunes of botany is only just passing away. The large-looking specialists who for nearly a couple of decades have been claiming this delightful science for the systematist, the physiologist, and the laboratory, and pouring contempt on the "mere field-naturalist and collector," are now, we think, no longer to be feared; although probably the textbook botany of the class-room and the "exam." will always be a snare to the unimaginative and a hindrance to the full appropriation and enjoyment of one of the most poetical and progressive of the sciences.

The newer era in the prospects of botany has just been accentuated by a great discovery, which, after twenty years of strenuous opposition, has at length become fairly established. We allude to Schwendener's capture of the true secret of the lichens, and his romantic unravelment of a web of plant life quite as wonderful as any of those discovered by the older world-wide botanists from Humboldt downwards. The discovery is quite of the epoch-making kind, and as the lichens are likely to be in unusual favour for some time to come, let us briefly recall the characteristics of this most humble yet most picturesque class of plants, dear to the artist and the naturalist alike. We shall then see the significance of Schwendener's work.

Lichens are recognised simply by their dwelling-places as well as by their form. Ordinarily they are not terrestrial plants at all, but aerial, and of the nature of epiphytes; as aerial as orchids and mistletoe, and often decorating rocks and trees with the splendour of natural jewellery. Or like the familiar reindeer lichen which whitens all our moorlands, they may descend to terrestrial levels. They are essentially light-lovers, nor are they ever developed in dark or obscure places, or in the streets of towns, or in travelled roads, or generally near the habitations of man. Yet we easily know where to find these dainty lovers of the pure countryside. "They select," says one of our eloquent, observant, and accomplished north-country poet-botanists, Mr. Leo Grindon, "the most airy and open situations, some, like the 'temple-haunting martlet,' loving to reside where the heaven's breath smells wooingly, while others give their preference to grim and unsheltered wildernesses, stern alpine solitudes, desolate cliffs by the sea, bleak mountains, and wild and pathless moors. None grow in meadows and pastures, and only a few mingle with the flowers and grasses upon the hedgebanks.

Parmelias of many kinds seat themselves on old monuments in rustic churchyards, and on the walls of castles and abbeys, their broad and glowing patches of yellow time-stains mingling in fine contrast with the ivy. Others cling to the bark of trees, clothing the aged ones as with a permanent hoar-frost, or with rough and shaggy beards often hang from the branches for a depth of several feet. These latter are the species improperly termed tree-mosses, and are often beautifully noted by the poets, as in the opening pages of Longfellow's "Evangeline." Independent of seasons when most other plants are bare or gone to rest or decay, their many hues and crowds of pretty cups still make glad the solitary place; the winter's walk at noon becomes in their presence a little summer.

Such are the lichens as viewed with the eye of a Ruskin, presenting a beautiful picture of the tender and beneficent ministries of nature, as they fresco the trees and the rocks with their story. But so far the well-kept secret of the lichens is not disclosed. What of the inner life and economy of the plant, as read by the eye of science? What of the recent microcosmic apocalypse of which we have spoken as one of the greatest of modern botanical revelations? Here the eye must itself bring a little knowledge of specialised plant structure into play. The observer will be struck with the remarkable fusion of root, stem, and leaves into a single flattened body as they stretch horizontally into thin, flat, dry crustaceous plates. On the surface in one season he will note the development of crowds of minute shields or cups. A lichen is as easily told by them as an oak is by its acorns. In addition, lichens, except in their simplest forms, are provided with important bodies, formerly called "gonidia," which are either solitary spherical green cells or cellular filaments.

Here at length the wonderful fact of the dual nature of lichens—the fusion of two distinct classes of plants into a single organism—begins to dawn upon us. The gonidia are really algæ, enclosed in the flat leaf-like surface of the plant on which fungi have sown themselves and live parasitically. Here are plants of entirely different classes living in partnership as a single organism! The well-known partnership between hermit-crabs and sea anemones is thus entirely outdone, and as a case of co-operation or "symbiosis" in plants, the lichens unquestionably afford the most fully developed instance yet known in nature.

But we will let the discoverer, Schwendener, describe the phenomenon in his own startlingly graphic language. "As the result of my researches," he says, "all these growths (lichens) are not simple plants, not individuals in the ordinary sense of the word; they are rather colonies, consisting of hundreds and thousands of individuals, among which one predominates, while the rest, in perpetual captivity, prepare the nutriment for themselves and their master. This master is a fungus, a parasite which is accustomed to live upon other's work; its slaves are green algæ, which it has sought out, or indeed caught hold of, and compelled into its service. It surrounds them, as a spider its prey, with a fibrous net of narrow meshes, which is gradually converted into an impenetrable covering;

but while the spider sucks its prey and leaves it dead, the fungus invites the algae found in its net to more rapid activity, indeed to more vigorous increase."

After twenty years of opposition from the old lichenologists, this fairy tale of science is now accepted, and embodied in our leading text-books. (See among others, Vine's "Text-book of Botany" (1894), the article "Lichens" in Dallinger's edition of Carpenter's "Microscope," and Mr. Geddes' various papers in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." In 1873 the leading algologist, M. Bornet, fully confirmed and extended the results obtained by Schwendener. He showed that a single "lichen" might really contain three or four distinct and familiar species of algae overrun and woven into a false tissue by a single fungus mould. Another important proof was given by Stahl, who succeeded in making lichens artificially, *i.e.* by taking a known algae, and sowing a known fungus upon it, a lichen—a *known* lichen was the result. The history of these experiments is admirably given in Mr. Patrick Geddes's brilliant little book entitled "Modern Botany" ("University Extension Manuals," Murray, 1893), who thus summarises the results:

"It is, then, not only possible to separate the algebra constituent in the 'lichen' and see it live independently, while the fungal one as naturally starves, but also to combine the two elements into a unified life, showing that a lichen is not a single but a double organism—an intimate union of an algebra and a fungus living in mutual helpfulness and symbiosis."

Such is the newest and most remarkable discovery which gives to botany its old high place in what Humboldt loved to call the Cosmos. Now that the season is just dawning when the drama of nature is again unfolding, and the *dramatis personæ* we have described are again in evidence on the trees and rocks around us, the lover of field botany may find the lichens transfigured to the eye of the mind with a romance of "binomics" which shall give quite a new charm to plants "familiar long, but never truly known."

#### RAILWAYS AND ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES: MONS. HEILMANN'S EXPERIMENTAL TRIP.

Electric railways are still in course of development, and although much has yet to be done before they will be looked upon as serious rivals to the system initiated by George Stephenson, every experiment which contributes to the looked-for result is just now watched with great interest. Mons. J. J. Heilmann's electric locomotive, which has just made a trial trip upon the railway out of Havre towards Paris, deserves attention from this

point of view. Here, along the main lines of the Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest, successful runs were made between the terminal station at Havre and the village of Benzeville, about sixteen miles distance. The party, which consisted of a number of engineers and railway experts, travelled from Benzeville to Havre at the rate of eighty kilometres, or fifty miles an hour, which is not more than the rate of the ordinary fast train, but on the return journey, notwithstanding a steep up-gradient which had to be climbed, the speed reached one hundred kilometres, or sixty-three miles an hour. This, for a trial trip, is considered encouraging, as it by no means exhausts the possibility of this method of transit.

Other points of importance are raised by this trial trip. The Heilmann engine, as distinct from all other electric locomotives, is wholly "self-contained," independent that is of a generating supply station and line-conductors for conveying the current, which are adopted on the South London and Liverpool railways. It carries about with it its own steam and electric generating plant. This, of course, adds greatly to the weight of the locomotive, raising it to forty-two tons, but on the other hand Mons. Heilmann claims—and rightly claims—that his method enables high-speed electric traction to be adopted on any railway without disturbing present conditions or necessitating expensive changes on the permanent way. In fact, it would supersede the fixed generating stations and current conductors already alluded to. Electric railways, on the principle last mentioned, obviously have their capacity limited as regards the length of line operated.

At the same time, the Havre-Benzeville experiment shows that electric railways are still in their infancy. In the first place, the question of cost remains an open one so far as the Heilmann locomotive is concerned, and will remain so until the tests just made and carried out by the French railway officials are publicly announced and analysed. In the second place, it may be doubted whether greater speed in railway travelling is a *desideratum*. Already on more than one English railway a speed of eighty miles an hour is often attained during a portion of the journey where the absence of curves and steep gradients permits. It is questionable whether greater speed is desirable. So far as can be seen at present the Heilmann electric locomotive may prove to be supplementary to and not revolutionary of the established system; under favourable conditions, it may be found to be a better means of attaining high speed, particularly with light loads, such as express passenger traffic. It is in fact a great advance on its predecessors, in so far as it can be adopted on existing railways without requiring extensive changes in the permanent way.

## HIDDEN HISTORY.

SOME NEWLY DISCOVERED LETTERS.

THE spade of Mr. J. J. Cartwright, F.S.A., has been busy amongst Lord Lonsdale's muniments at Lowther Castle, and has dug up some literary treasures of decided historic value. One is a letter in which

WILLIAM PENN DESCRIBES PENNSYLVANIA.

It is written to Sir John Lowther at Whitehaven, and dated in the orthodox quaker fashion :

"16<sup>th</sup>, 1701, Pennsberry.

"Honored Friend, I would not but have thought my selfe lost in thy country entertainments but I finde that Whitehaven is much kinder than Whitehall to Pennsylvania, for the one sends its good wishes and the other suffers itselfe to be mislead to crush such prosperous beginings. I return my most hearty acknowledgements for thy obligeing remembrance and beg the continuance of thy good word and wishes for our prosperity; for whatever interested men suggest, we are an approved experiment what sobriety and industry can do in a wilderness against heats, colds, wants and dangers. The Crown gets best by us, but its officers less than by other Governments, and that's our crime; but time will sett truth in a better light, to which I adjourn my resentments. We thrive, our town, I think, too much for the country, not keeping a ballance in all things in Government is (perhaps) the hidden but sure cause of visible obstructions and entanglements in administration. I finde the country 70 miles back, the best land, Sasquehanah a glorious river boatable upon freshes. We are planted 170 miles upon Delaware, and in some places 16 miles back into the woods. Our staple corn and tobacco; we are trying for rice, converted timber for shipping and hemp. Returns for England is what we want, and either we must have less from thence or better ways of making them. Barbado's and those Islands are our market and we are too hard for our neighbours for our flowr and bread, being the whitest and preferred; we spare much of both to our neighbour colonies also, as New England, Maryland, Virginia, and Carolina, where wheat will hardly grow, but rice to perfection, and silk is got to a good pitch, and will certainly be a commodity. We have had a good share of health since our arrival and my family increast by a little son, and if ill treatment call us not home are like, if God please to prolong life, to pass away a year or two at least. Only my privat affairs could make me leave it any more, but they will compel it once again, and then it would not displease me to lay my bones where I have layd my labour, mony, and solicitation, in Pennsylvania.

"I shall close with this assurance that I am with great esteem and affection

"thy very faithfull Friend

"WM. PENN."

From this curious account by the quaker colonist, we may turn to some correspondence relating to Henry Brougham's *entrée* into public life, which introduces us to an episode in the life of that eminent lawyer, scientist, and man of letters, apparently unknown to his most recent biographers. It is that

THE FUTURE LORD BROUGHAM TRIED TO ENTER PARLIAMENT AS A TORY

four years before he actually obtained a seat as a Whig. There was a vacancy in May, 1806, in the

representation of Westmoreland, caused by the death of Sir Michael le Fleming. The seat was practically in the gift of the future Earl of Lonsdale—then Lord Lowther—and Brougham sought to enter Parliament by filling it. Unacquainted with the Tory peer, he makes known his request through William Wilberforce in a letter dated :

"Tuesday, Temple.

"You have of course heard of poor Sir M. le Flemming's death. I wish you would do me a favour by asking Lord Lowther the following question, either in writing or personally : 'Supposing Government were to give their warmest and effectual support to a candidate, and that Lord Thanet were to lend his assistance with several others whose personal influence is considerable—and supposing that candidate were personally unobjectionable and a man attached to no party exclusively—would Lord Lowther lend his support to bring him in for Westmoreland, or, bringing in some friend of his own for the county, would he name the Government candidate for one of his boroughs?'

"By obtaining an answer to this enquiry you would confer a great obligation on me, as well as on several other friends.

[P.S.]—"Should you prefer transmitting the query in another manner, you would confer an equal obligation by simply communicating this note to Lord Lowther."

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE SKETCHES HENRY BROUGHAM'S ANTECEDENTS AND CAREER.

in forwarding the foregoing note. He dates his letter "Wednesday, May 21, House of Commons," and begs Lord Lowther to "have the goodness to consider all this as strictly confidential." Then he gives his reasons for troubling his Lordship with the application that Brougham has made to him : "Every man is open to requests which he cannot well refuse and which he yet feels a little awkward about granting." This reflection was called forth by the note he encloses. He then continues :

"You probably know the family and character of Mr. Brougham; he is the son of a gentleman, as I have been told, of old family, the proprietor of a seat called Brougham Hall by the river near Penrith, who settled in Edinburgh many years ago, and marrying a near relation of Dr. Robertson the historian, has resided there ever since, and has brought up this son at the Edinburgh University. The latter, the writer of the note, is about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, and a man of very extraordinary talents and qualifications and knowledge for his time of life. He published about two years ago a work on Colonial policy of two vols. 8vo., and though there is much in it on which your Lordship, I believe, as well as I myself, should not agree with him, yet it is certainly for the years of the writer a wonderful publication. He has written also many of the best pieces in the 'Edinburgh Review.' In Edinburgh, I understand, he was always regarded as the champion of Mr. Pitt's party against a numerous and active host of the partizans of the opposition in the University, and that he was regarded as *inter primos* appeared from his having been chosen as the commander of a large corps of volunteers to consist of the members of the University, which corps, owing to some misunderstanding with Lord Hobart, was never, however, accepted or embodied. He came up about two years ago

to reside in London, and entered himself of the Temple as a student of the Law. . . . I ought to add that I have heard from common fame that he is the author of a pamphlet lately published on the state of the nation. . . . The language in which it speaks is not such as one should have expected from any warm admirer of Mr. Pitt. I ought, however, to do Mr. Brougham the justice to say that, having been a good deal abroad last summer but one, he became deeply impressed with a sense of the mismanagement of our affairs on the Continent. . . . I understand from some of his young friends who have belonged to a literary society with him, that he is an extremely good public speaker, and I have rather understood that he has for some time been desirous of coming into Parliament."

Lord Lowther's reply is dated from Charles Street on the same day, and is worthy of quotation as a specimen of aristocratic and official curtness in replying to a letter which must have given a very distinguished man considerable pains to write :

" . . . I feel some concern that I am under the necessity of returning to you Mr. Brougham's note without answer or observation. The subject he has thought proper to introduce to me, through your intervention, is one which under no circumstances, either from the respect due to the county of Westmoreland or with regard to my own interest in it, can I presume to discuss in the way he proposes."

Lord Lowther's wealth was as vast as his interest, and in one more letter, which we will quote, written to him by Charles Long, the future Lord Farnborough, we find that he had opened his purse-strings to stave off the financial ruin of the great statesman, and that

#### THE SEIZURE OF WILLIAM PITT'S FURNITURE FOR DEBT

was actually expected immediately before his death.

Long writes from

"30 Hill Street, January 28, 1807.

*"Most private and confidential."*

"I arrived in town from Ireland last night, and sent to your house this morning in the hope of seeing you. I will not attempt to express to you the affliction I feel at this moment. The country has sustained an irreparable loss, but I confess whatever sensations I feel on that consideration are absorbed in my own private feelings.

"I am anxious at this moment to perform a duty I owe towards you. You will remember having placed in my hands a sum to be employed for a particular purpose. I looked immediately into the state of the debt to which this was to be applied, and I found it so considerable (at that time above £20,000) that it would have done very little towards its liquidation. Under the circumstances I thought I could not better carry into effect your kind intentions than by reserving it for such pressing occasions as unfortunately had but too often occurred. I was enabled by so doing to prevent the most unpleasant consequences by the advancement of two sums at different times, one of £200 and the other of £500, and last September the remainder was directed to be employed for the purpose of removing an execution. But I was in the country at the time, and I found on my arrival in town that other means had been found and the execution taken out of the house. I am therefore to return you this sum of £800, which I will do when you return to town.

"I have only to hope that in acting on this, as I did on every occasion, in the manner most conducive (to the best of my judgment) to the welfare and happiness of my friend I fulfilled your kind intentions towards him."

## Varieties.

**Large Trees in England.**—In the January "Leisure Hour" Varieties we said we should be glad to receive notice of large trees not commonly known. Major George Seton writes from Leamington Spa :

"In Stoneleigh Park, near this town, there is an oak, perfectly solid in the trunk and looking vigorous, which measures thirty feet in circumference. This tree I have not seen mentioned in any account of big oak-trees, nor is it known even to many 'Leamingtonians,' though within a few hundred yards of a fashionable drive through Stoneleigh Park."

Mr. J. Cordy Jeaffreson, whose "Book of Recollections" was lately published, says there are many very large oak trees in his native county, Suffolk. One of them at Cretingham, about five miles from Framlingham, was so big that in his young days he has driven through the hollow stem in a small carriage with two ponies. He had to stoop, and the groom walked slowly backwards in front of the ponies so as to spring at their heads in case they should turn restive when the experiment was tried.

Suffolk was formerly as famous for its oaks as Burnham is for its beeches. John Evelyn, in his "Sylva," speaks of the peculiar grandeur of the Suffolk oaks. The "Framlingham Oak," used in building the *Royal Sovereign*, was 4 ft. 9 in. square, and yielded four square beams, each of which was 44 ft. long. Another tree at Dennington, on the land of Sir John Rous, at four feet from the ground, was 77 ft. in circumference; its boll was 60 ft. high, and it yielded 16 tons of sound timber. Most of the old trees in

the Suffolk woodland have been cut down, and only a few are left to their natural decay; for oak timber has lost its chief money value since the substitution of iron and steel for large vessels, whether in the naval or mercantile marine.

**The Largest Sailing Ship Afloat.**—The *Roanoke*, a huge four-masted vessel, is said to be the largest afloat on the ocean. She was built under the supervision of an old American skipper, Captain J. P. Hamilton of Maine. The officers and crew number about forty all told. Every fitting and appointment of the *Roanoke* may be said to be as complete as any of the great transatlantic liners, but without the splendour and show of these floating palaces. The cabins and offices are all well-furnished and comfortable, with bath-rooms and every convenience. The mainmast is 180 ft. high, the deck 350 ft. long and 50 ft. wide. With all sail set she spreads 15,000 square yards of canvas. In the hull are 24,000 cubic feet of oak, 1,250,000 ft. of yellow pine, 225 tons of iron, 98,000 trenails, and 550 hackmatack knees. Some other statistics are as follows: length of main yard, 95 ft.; main lower topsail yard, 86 ft.; main upper topsail yard, 77 ft.; main topgallant yard, 66 ft.; main royal yard, 55 ft.; main skysail yard, 44 ft.; bowsprit, 65 ft.; deck to keelson, 22.2 ft.; keelson to bottom, 12 ft.; height of keelson, 9 ft. 8 in.

The *Roanoke* has an engine between the fore and main masts, which furnishes power for hoisting anchor, bracing yards, pumping, etc.

The *Roanoke* has four masts—fore, main, mizzen, and

jigger. She has four headsails, with an aggregate of 646 square yards of canvas in them. Her main and mizzen sails contain 2,424 square yards of canvas. The poop and quarter-decks of the *Roanoke* are carried forward in one raised platform to about half-way between the mizzen and mainmasts.

At the forward end of the quarter-deck a balustrade of beautiful workmanship crosses the ship, and a mahogany stairway, or, as sailors would say, ladder, leads down to the main deck five feet below. The broad sweep of the main deck is closed in on each side by the high bulwarks of the ship, which converge forward to the topgallant forecastle. The forecastle house is built on deck, and contains a galley, a fore-castle for boys and one for the rest of the crew, and rooms for the lesser officers.

**Poets and Nature.**—In the "Leisure Hour" for January p. 188, it was pointed out that Tennyson, although usually so true to nature, occasionally tripped. An example was given where the poet says, "Heavily hangs the hollyhock." A critic—Mr. Morton Luce—says there is no inaccuracy here. Tennyson did not refer to the *flowers* of the hollyhock but to the plant, which he has sometimes seen to be bowed after weeks of cold wet weather. "Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks" is a line just above. The flowers of the hollyhock wither but cannot bow or hang down, being rigidly attached to the short stems. Tennyson was not in error here, and very rarely indeed are his poetical descriptions contrary to nature. Several correspondents have written to justify the poet.

**Circulating Libraries for Ships.**—What Miss Weston does for the British Navy might be done more systematically than at present for the mercantile marine. A small case filled with suitable books might be put on board all vessels leaving England for foreign parts or for long voyages. There would always be some readers who would be grateful for the use of the books, and the cases could be changed either on return or at distant seaports. The "American Seamen's Friend Society" has for a long period supplied such loan libraries to ships sailing from New York, and we have heard from missionaries in the Pacific Islands most gratifying reports of the use made of the books, and the pleasure shown when the captains of vessels found that they could get a change of books at certain stations where they touched. Twenty dollars will be found sufficient for a little library of fifty books, and a £5 note would give a similar supply of books or volumes of periodicals for British seamen. A very small additional sum suffices to replace the few books lost or worn out after several voyages.

**Large Meteors.**—A magnificent meteor was seen to pass over the western part of England about 10 o'clock on the evening of January 25. When first seen, it appears to have been vertical over Cheshire, from which locality it passed southerly at a lower and lower elevation until it exploded with a great noise, about sixteen miles high, nearly above Tewkesbury in Gloucestershire.

Another very remarkable meteor was seen within a few minutes of noon over a large part of England, Wales, and Ireland on February 8. The accounts of it were collected by Professor Rambaut, Royal Astronomer of Ireland (himself a witness of the phenomenon from the Observatory on Dunsink Hill, a few miles from Dublin), and from the calculations he has been able to make, it results that the meteor probably passed whilst visible from an elevation of less than a hundred miles over the Irish Sea (a few miles north of Llandudno) to South Yorkshire, where it burst at a height of from fifteen to twenty miles, nearly between Leeds and Sheffield. —W. T. LYNN.

**The Late Sir Harry Verney, Bart.**—It is nearly eight years since Sir Harry Verney retired from public life. In the year 1885 he received the honour of being made a Privy Councillor on ceasing to be a Member of Parliament. In 1832 he was returned to the first reformed House of Commons as member for Buckingham, and with a short intermission held his seat for above fifty years. He was a supporter of the Liberals in all the great measures carried by them in times before the disunion of the party. He was one of the founders of the Royal Agricultural Society, and "father" of that national

institution at his decease. He was also one of the founders of the Evangelical Alliance, and a prominent member of every Church association for supporting religious and Protestant interests. In early years the name of the Right Hon. Sir Harry Verney was Calvert. His father, Sir Harry Calvert, was created Baronet in 1818, whom he succeeded in 1826, and in the following year assumed by royal licence the name of Verney on succeeding to the estates of Mary Verney, Baroness Fermanagh. He was twice married: first to a daughter of Admiral Sir George Hope, and secondly to a sister of Florence Nightingale, known as a writer on agricultural economics, peasant proprietorship, and kindred subjects. Sir Harry was in the Army before he entered Parliament, serving in various foot regiments, and latterly in the Grenadier Guards. His seat in Buckinghamshire, Claydon House, was a model of a Christian gentleman's residence, and he was much respected by his tenantry as well as his household, a type of the English landlord of the old school.

**Infant Soldiers and Sailors.**—The anecdote told in the "Leisure Hour" about Mr. Vignoles, the engineer, having been in the Army in very early life, and boasting that he was the oldest officer in the army except Field-Marshal Lord Combermere, reminds us of the late Admiral Sir Provo Wallis, who died when over one hundred years of age, and had long been the "Father of the British Navy." On May 1, 1795, young Provo, then very little more than four years old, was made to figure as an able-bodied seaman on the books of the *Oiseau*, 36, a frigate which, as the *Cléopâtre*, had been taken from the French in 1793. It need scarcely be said that the boy did not really go to sea until some years later. Nevertheless, from May, 1796, to September, 1798, he was nominally a first-class volunteer in the *Prévoyante*, 40, Captain Charles Wemyss, on the Halifax station; and from May, 1799, to September, 1800, he served, by fiction, in the *Asia*, 64, Captain Robert Murray. That vessel then came home from North America, and young Wallis seems to have seen no further service, real or imaginary, until after he joined the *Cléopâtre*. He joined her, apparently, at the end of the year 1800, when she was under the command of Captain, afterwards Admiral, Sir Israel Pellew, but he probably never went to sea in her until the close of 1804, when her captain was the officer who in later life became Admiral Sir Robert Laurie, Bart.

**Requisites of a Good Ruler.**—When Gordon was Governor-General of the Sudan, he was troubled by the difficulty of finding good lieutenants for the posts under his government. Emin Pasha, the last of these sub-governors, has passed away. He was the best that Gordon could find, though far from the ideal sought by the chief ruler at Khartoum. He said, "I wish I could put into each government a courageous, honest, and kind man, but it is impossible. I want in each governor three qualities: 1. Courage. 2. Honesty. 3. Kindness. I find men with No. 1 who lack Nos. 2 and 3. I find men—few it is true—with Nos. 2 and 3, who lack No. 1. I cannot find one man with the three qualities."

In this reflection, what a photograph we have of Gordon's own character as a ruler, excelling most men in all the three things he desiderated in others.

**Medical Missions.**—The growing success of medical missions is reported by travellers and residents in every country where they are established. Dr. Clark, of Amritsar in North India, in conversing with a friendly Hindu asked what he thought of Christian missions. The reply was this: "We do not fear your schools, for we need not send our children to them. We do not fear your books, for few read them. We do not much fear your preaching, we need not listen. But we dread your women and we dread your doctors, for your doctors are winning our hearts, and your women are winning our homes, and when our hearts and our homes are won, what is there left us?" David calls upon his soul to bless the Lord "who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases." The association is not without significance. The success of the missionaries, says the "New York Observer," in quoting this remark of the Hindu to Dr. Clark, in healing disease cannot fail to pave the way for a gospel that combines with the healing

of disease the forgiveness of sin, the prolific parent of disease and suffering. In "Whitaker's Almanack" for 1894 is a page on Medical Missions—contributed we believe by the celebrated traveller, Mrs. Bishop (Isabella Bird), who has visited medical stations in every part of the world—containing authentic statistics and facts about "Medical Missions."

**Jesuit Ethics.**—In a recent number of the *Preussische Jahrbücher* an article was contributed by Count Paul von Hönssbruch, formerly a member of the Society of Jesus, but now resuming his freedom, and explaining the reasons for seceding from the discipline and influence of the order. He deplors the loss of many years, when every movement of thought and feeling had to be subject to the rules and will of others. He shows how the system of passive obedience works upon the intellectual, social, and moral character, whether of individuals or of bodies of men. Every patriotic feeling and personal aspiration had to be renounced. After sixteen years of this self-mortification the Count proclaims himself again a lover of his country, and a philosophical inquirer, as well as an earnest Christian. He does not seem to have studied the masterly "Provincial Letters" of Pascal, the satire and humour of which brought such ridicule on the Jesuits of his time.

**Paying off Sailors from Ships.**—Every time that a ship, especially a war-vessel, has a new commission, with a new commander and a new station, all the crew, from admiral down to stoker or cabin-boy, have to be taken afresh. They may join the same ship again, if they like the vessel and its commander. But is it necessary to pay off at every occasion all the men? Why should not men permanently belong to a ship, and feel pride in their vessel, as soldiers cherish the traditions of their regiment?

The captain of the *Resolution* was lately much blamed for returning to England instead of persevering in his voyage when caught in a storm in the Bay of Biscay. Mr. Forwood, M.P., in a speech at Liverpool, said that the captain was second to none in courage or ability, but he was in a strange ship, with a strange crew. He had never before had any experience of the behaviour of the huge vessel, nor of the men serving under him, whether as seamen or engineers. He said it was desirable that all our great vessels should have commanders with much experience, and best of all with a knowledge and trust of all who were under his responsible command.

**Influenza in 1837.**—It is interesting to find in the "Transactions of the Meteorological Society for 1837" that "the month of January was remarkable for the prevalence of a peculiar epidemic of a more general nature than has occurred within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The disease (influenza) attacked persons of every age and class; commencing with cold chills, violent cough, severe soreness of the muscles concerned in respiration, the pulse was soft and natural in frequency; and these symptoms were accompanied by the greatest prostration of strength and a sense of suffocation. The victims to its fatal attacks were principally among aged or young persons."

In the following March we find it stated that "the influenza left an aptitude to disease. Pneumonia and pleuritis have occurred, the cases were severe in consequence of the system being greatly debilitated from the influenza. Pectoral complaints were general among children. Coughs, catarrhal fevers, sore throats, etc., have been very prevalent."

**Prince Henry of Portugal.**—Great preparations were made for the celebration in March of the 500th anniversary of Prince Henry of Portugal, the director and patron of some of the greatest navigators and explorers of that age. The readers of Camoens know how Vasco de Gama went on his famous voyage, and how other explorers went to search for the Christian King of Abyssinia. The seeking for this mythical personage led to many a curious discovery. Don Henry was himself no seaman, but he loved the society of sailors and travellers. At Sagres, the most southerly point of the kingdom, he founded an observatory, and pursued the studies which prompted the Portuguese navigators to action. It was from the Lusitanian shore that Gama set forth to double the Cape of Good Hope for the first time since the

ancient Phœnician days, and eventually to the landing in India. Many who hear the name of Prince Henry may not know that he was the third son of King John, and that his mother was Philippa of Lancaster, an Englishwoman. In the once familiar poem, Thomson's "Seasons," there is a noble panegyric on this Prince. It is in the book on "Summer," where there are many allusions to Africa. Speaking of the stormy seas to be passed, the poet says:

"With such mad seas the daring Gama fought  
For many a day and many a dreadful night,  
Incessant, labouring round the Stormy Cape;  
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst  
Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerged  
The rising world of trade; the Genius, then,  
Of Navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,  
Had slumbered on the vast Atlantic deep  
For idle ages, starting, heard at last  
The Lusitanian Prince, who, Heaven-inspired,  
To love of useful glory roused mankind,  
And in unbounded commerce mixed the world."

Oporto well took the lead in the preparation of festivities, for it was there that Henry was born. As he grew to manhood and saw all the evils of mere warlike expeditions, and deplored the conflicts of the nations in their expeditions, he longed to bring in a happier epoch of peaceful rivalry. The Royal Family had promised to attend the festivities to inaugurate a statue of the Prince. Beside the civic ceremonies there was to be a pageant on the Tagus, which would include an old caravel such as has been seen in the celebration of the discovery of America by Columbus. Prince Henry will be more honoured in Lisbon than at Chicago, for he longed to see "unbounded commerce" through the world.

**The Authorised Version of the Bible Described by its Revisers.**—We have had to study this great Version carefully and minutely, line by line; and the longer we have been engaged upon it the more we have learned to admire its simplicity, its dignity, its power, its happy turns of expression, its general accuracy, and, we must not fail to add, the music of its cadences and the felicities of its diction. To render a work that has reached this high standard of excellence still more excellent, to increase its fidelity without destroying its charm, was the work committed to us.

**University of Edinburgh.**—The annual report of the University of Edinburgh states that during the past year (1893) the total number of matriculated students (including 72 women) was 3,138. Of this number 806 (including 68 women) were enrolled in the Faculty of Arts, 160 (including four women) in the Department of Science, 79 in the Faculty of Divinity, 452 in the Faculty of Law, and 1,641 in the Faculty of Medicine. Of the students of medicine 666 (or nearly 41 per cent.) belonged to Scotland, 557 (or nearly 34 per cent.) were from England and Wales, 74 from Ireland, 79 from India, 229 (or nearly 14 per cent.) from British colonies, and 36 from foreign countries. Besides these matriculated students, 88 non-matriculated students, chiefly women, have attended the music and fine art classes on payment of the 5s. entrance fee.

The number of degrees conferred in the various faculties during the year was as follows: Master of Arts (M.A.), 93 (including seven women); Doctor of Science (D.Sc.), eight; Bachelor of Science (B.Sc.), 41; Bachelor of Divinity (B.D.), ten; Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.), ten; Bachelor of Law (B.L.), two; Doctor of Medicine (M.D.), 60; Bachelor of Medicine and Master in Surgery (M.B., C.M.), 277. The General Council of the University now numbers 7,476 members. The schoolmasters' diploma was conferred on four candidates.

The total annual value of the University fellowships, scholarships, bursaries, and prizes now amounts to about £15,710, viz.: In the Faculty of Arts, £9,490; in the Faculty of Science (besides a number of bursaries, etc., in other faculties which are tenable by science students), £420; in the Faculty of Divinity, £1,570; in the Faculty of Law, £480; and in the Faculty of Medicine, £3,750.

Under powers conferred by one of the new ordinances several University assistants have been provisionally appointed

lecturers in the Faculty of Arts, with a view to supplement the professorial teaching. Most of these lecturers deliver half-courses in summer, qualifying for graduation in arts.

Among the benefactions is a collection of Arctic and other relics and curiosities, made by the late John Rae, M.D., LL.D. Edin., F.R.S., the distinguished Arctic explorer, along with his bust presented by his widow.

Of the career of Dr. John Rae an account appeared in our December part. Although his body was taken to be buried in the cathedral of Kirkwall, his native place, he has by this gift to the Museum sought to honour the University of Edinburgh.

**Identification of Persons.**—The difficulty of personal identification, whether in courts of justice and police courts, or in more honourable connection, as savings-bank purposes, is sometimes difficult. A recent proposal was made to secure identification by hand-marks; the tips of the fingers being dipped in an ink mixture or smeared with an ink-pad, and then tested by impression on paper. This is said to be constant, and to secure the recognition of persons with certainty not to be obtained by photographs, which the growth or shaving of hair on the face and facility of changing features make difficult. In Switzerland, for savings-bank purposes, an identity ticket is issued to the owner of every pass-book, containing a particular cipher, which guarantees exclusive possession to the holder, corresponding to a cipher kept by the post-office. By this ticket system the owner is protected in case of the finder of a lost pass-book claiming money at a savings-bank where the true owner is not personally known.

**The Folios of Shakespeare.**—In the book sales of 1892 there was one copy of the first folio of Shakespeare offered, and sold at the price of £208, though an imperfect copy, the title-page being a facsimile and several leaves being mended by artifice. There was only one copy of the second folio sold; not one of the third; and two copies of the fourth folio. As these rarities become appropriated for public libraries there is no prospect of lower prices being given for the originals, the possession of which is one of the morbid ambitions of bibliomaniacs.

**Professor Jowett.**—Among the many and various eulogies of the late Master of Balliol, we have not seen any references to the famous University sermon preached after the tidings came of the death of General Gordon at Khartoum. He drew a touching contrast between the last year of Gordon's life and "the twelve months which his audience had passed in peace, pleasure, and study. After giving a sketch of Gordon's noble life, he said he was the "representative of all that is most truly human, or almost superhuman, in the nature of man." He concluded his sermon by saying, "We know we cannot imitate the actions and characters of great men. We can only appreciate them. No effort of ours will place us on a level with them; yet we pray that some good influence may flow from them to us which may raise us above the conventionalities of the world, above the fashion of political opinions, to dwell in the light of justice, in the constancy of truth. We must desire, with what measure of hope we may, that we may gather from the character of Gordon some measure of courage, and firmness, and wisdom, and self-sacrifice, and strength in all the trials which the English people may have to undergo in generations to come."

There must be many who will admire the spirit of this sermon on a Christian hero far more than the classic learning and philosophic eminence to which appeal is made by those who are now planning a memorial worthy of the late Master of Balliol.

**Mashonaland and Mr. Selous.**—The two hospital nurses, Rosa Blennerhasset and Lucy Sleeman, who have written so bright a book about their "Adventures in Mashonaland," give an impartial and favourable account of Mr. Selous, who has been described by some, who knew less about him, as a mere sportsman. Livingstone thought very differently of him, and valued him as an explorer and as a friend. The hospital nurses thus describe him:

"Just at that time the great hunter, Mr. Selous, came to Umtali. We were much afraid that we should miss him,

but he sent us word that he would come as soon as he could get his shirt washed. When we received this message we felt sure he was a delightful person—and our instincts did not deceive us. Mr. Selous appeared to be a man about eight-and-thirty, light, active, and giving one an impression of presence of mind and resource. Of his personal appearance it is impossible to remember anything but his eyes, which are extraordinarily clear and limpid. We persuaded our distinguished guest to tell us some of his adventures, which he did with great charm and modesty. He is known throughout Africa as the man who never tells a lie. If one were to make the most incredible statement, adding 'Selous told me so,' people would say, 'This is a hard saying, but if you heard it from Selous it must be true.' What a splendid reputation to have anywhere, but especially in Africa!"

**Father Ohrwalder on the Soudan.**—The author of the book, "Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp," which was widely read at the time of its publication, was Father Ohrwalder. He has recently spoken more about the fall of Khartoum, in which there were always many traitors, secretly on the Mahdi's side, and kept in check only by the unceasing watchfulness of Gordon. After the departure of Stewart and Power, and their murder, the Mahdi became alarmed on hearing of the advance of the English army. Father Ohrwalder has heard from some of the Arab chiefs that if the English had appeared after the battle of Abu Klea, the Mahdi would have retired with his forces to Kordofan.

**Astronomical Notes for April.**—The Sun rises on the 1st at 5h. 37m. in the morning, and sets at 6h. 30m. in the evening; on the 15th he rises at 5h. 6m., and sets at 6h. 54m. An annular eclipse of the Sun takes place on the morning of the 6th, but no part of it will be visible in the British Islands or in Western Europe. The central line passes over Madras, Calcutta, and then through Western China into the eastern part of Chinese Tartary and Siberia; whilst a partial eclipse will be visible over nearly the whole of Asia, small towards the west, and still smaller in European Russia. The Moon will be New at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 6th; in the First Quarter at thirty-three minutes past midnight on the 12th; Full at 3h. 2m. on the morning of the 20th; and in Last Quarter at 3h. 20m. on that of the 28th. She will be in perigee or nearest the Earth on the morning of the 11th, and in apogee or farthest from us on that of the 26th. The planet Mercury will be at greatest western elongation from the Sun on the 10th, and will about that time be visible for a brief interval before sunrise. Venus during April will be a morning star, being at her greatest western elongation from the Sun on the 27th; she will be in conjunction with the horned waning Moon on the morning of the 2nd, and will about the middle of the month pass from the constellation of Aquarius into Pisces. Mars is now increasing in apparent size, but still very low in the heavens, rising not much more than an hour before sunrise in the constellation Capricornus. Jupiter is still a brilliant object in the early part of the night in the constellation Taurus, but sets earlier each evening, and by the end of the month about 9 o'clock; he will be near the crescent Moon on the 8th and 9th, the conjunction taking place on the morning of the latter day. The present is a convenient opportunity for referring to the observations of the planet during the past period of visibility. The great red spot, whilst retaining its shape and size, has become much less marked in colour, being of a pale pink hue. Professor Barnard has paid very special attention with the great Lick telescope on Mount Hamilton, California, to the first satellite (the nearest to the planet of the Galilean four) with reference to the suspicion which had been expressed that it was double, and has satisfied himself that the appearances noticed were due to a bright equatorial belt surrounding the satellite which produced the impression that the darker portions on the northern and southern sides of this were distinct bodies. Saturn will be due south at midnight, towards the middle of the month, in the constellation Virgo, and will be about five degrees due north of the brightest star (called Spica) of that constellation at the end of the month; he will be very near the Moon, then almost Full, on the evening of the 19th, the conjunction having taken place in the afternoon.—W. T. LYNN.

l  
e  
t  
f  
e  
n  
n  
o  
l  
f  
l

e  
h  
r  
f  
e  
f  
e  
s  
u  
o

t  
e  
t  
e  
e  
e  
n  
;  
e  
n  
n  
e  
n  
e  
st  
e  
e  
g  
e  
g  
le  
o  
ll  
r  
is  
e  
y  
ne  
g  
a  
ne  
ed  
ss  
or  
k  
te  
ce  
as  
es  
ne  
er  
re  
t,  
o,  
st  
ne  
ll,  
en